

HUSTLER

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE
LIFE-SIZE CENTERFOLD

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

DECEMBER 1975 \$2.25

NOTICE TO READERS

Since its inception, HUSTLER has responded to its readers, not the advertisers. Because of this unique editorial policy, we don't have the advertising support enjoyed by our competitors. As a result, it has been necessary to raise our price 50¢ per copy in both Dec. and Jan. in order to provide you with these super Holiday Issues including our life-size center-fold. This is a bold step never before taken by any publisher, and could very well determine HUSTLER's success or failure, but HUSTLER is your magazine, it always has been and always will be. For this reason, I leave its destiny in your hands. L.F.



EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW:
**HERALD
FAHRINGER**
AMERICA'S
TOP LAWYER
DEFENDS
SEXUAL
FREEDOM

**BUTCH
WILLIAMS**
14" CHALLENGER
TO JOHNNY
HOLMES'
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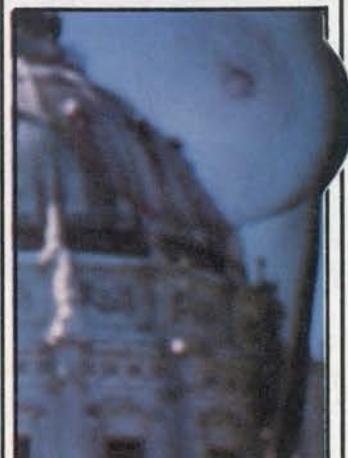
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HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

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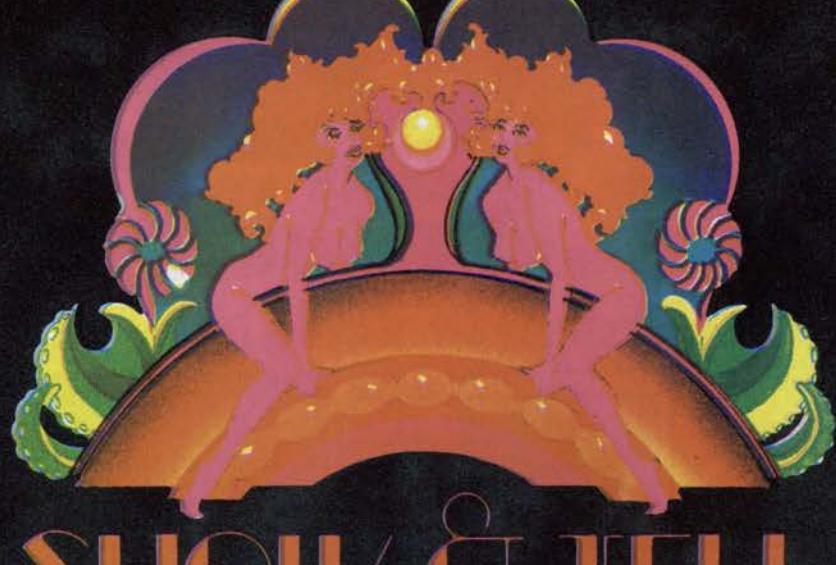
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SHOW & TELL

Holiday Extravaganza

In the traditional HUSTLER style we are once again giving our readers the most outrageous and controversial material on the newsstands today.

We're going to double barrel it to you this issue with a super life-size centerfold and an exclusive 11-page pictorial on our own "cannon and balls," **BUTCH WILLIAMS**. We all know it's just an old wives' tale that black men are outrageously hung, but you can't convince his Georgia Peach of that. This is probably one of the most extraordinary features ever run in any magazine.

HERALD FAHRINGER, called by many the "Defender of the Damned," gives HUSTLER publisher, **LARRY FLYNT**, a frank and exclusive interview. We are sure you will find it interesting as he discusses all of the freedoms given to us by the U.S. Constitution to view, read and write just about any damn thing we want.

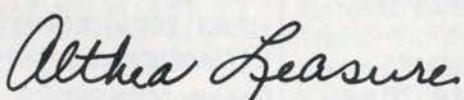
We all know that Al Goldstein is known as the "King of Smut," but West Coast porn publisher Larry Rosenstein has attained the title of "Baron of Beavers" and is making a strong claim for Goldstein's crown. In our profile of Rosenstein by **PAT SALVO** we learn how a humble \$200 investment blossomed into an empire of whips, chains, enemas and the *San Francisco Ball*.

It seems that rape is the "chic" thing to discuss these days; however, we have a most unusual tale of this misunderstood crime. We think you'll find "**THE RAPISTS**" both humorous and stimulating.

And to stimulate your mind, **CLARENCE M. ROLLANS**, the "Sensual Photographer," brings nature and woman a little closer together.

If you have trouble getting the lid off the old "cherry jar," you'll not want to pass up the "Seducer's Guide to Virgins." This is a gourmet's delight written by **REX WEINER**.

Before the curtain closes there are a few more entertaining acts you'll want to catch. If you've always wanted to get it together with more than just the two of you, read "The Unique Thrills of Threesomes" in **SEX PLAY** before you invite a friend over. And hear how one couple handled it in this month's **KINKY KORNER**. Mytza and Yolanda, two of our Honeyes this month, certainly would be two fine Christmas packages. Check them out.



Associate Publisher and
Executive Editor

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



WHY \$2.25

Now that you have let me get into your pocket for \$2.25, I will lay my cards on the table. We've got a problem. I say "we" because we're in this thing together. Over a million of you are buying HUSTLER every month and several million more of you are reading it. I estimate HUSTLER's readership at 10,000,000 monthly, according to a recent survey which shows a ten-to-one pass-on rate. To me, this indicates a reader loyalty unsurpassed in publishing history, especially when you consider how new HUSTLER is.

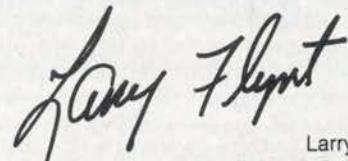
Not to be redundant from my message on the front cover, but as you very well know, from the beginning I have refused to compromise my editorial content for anyone, other than my readers. This goes for advertisers, retailers, wholesalers or any other would-be censor. This staunch editorial policy has jeopardized HUSTLER's future in more ways than one. It has cost us badly needed dealer coverage, meaning that many newsstands, drug stores, convenience stores, and supermarkets have refused to handle HUSTLER. Major advertisers shun us like we have the plague. Paper, printing and production costs have skyrocketed. It was with great reluctance that I raised the price of

HUSTLER for these Holiday issues. It was a tough decision, but a necessary one. Although we will be going back to \$1.75 with the February issue, we will still be 50¢ more than our major competition, *Playboy* and *Penthouse*.

That's why I'm writing this statement. You can help get the price of HUSTLER down. You and only you. It was your support that has made HUSTLER as popular as it is today and that is why I am bringing my case to you. Many of you may think of me as a big-time publisher with nothing to do but make money and contribute to inflation. Well, you couldn't be more wrong. I draw \$200 per week and I come from the same side of town as most of you. I identify with each and every one of you. That is why I am able to produce a magazine so much to your liking. I work 20 hours a day, with a good part of that time spent reading the letters you write

in to HUSTLER, a task I insist upon doing personally, and if it were possible to discuss this problem with each of you over a cup of coffee or a beer or at a sex orgy, I would be happy to do so.

Okay, how can you help? Well, it is no secret that *Playboy* and *Penthouse* are sold in a lot of stores that don't carry HUSTLER. So, you can start by telling those cocksuckers that you will buy your six-pack someplace else if they won't stock your magazine. If it is a newsstand or drugstore, you can employ a similar boycott. You will be surprised at the results. The only way that I can reduce the price of HUSTLER and still give you a product that you will be satisfied with is to expand the dealer coverage, and I know that if you will support HUSTLER, we can achieve this. If you're unable to find HUSTLER anywhere in your neighborhood, call your local news distributor. He will be listed in the phone book and can tell you the nearest store where it is available. Drop me a note and let me know how you made out. 



Larry Flynt
Editor & Publisher

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FEEDBACK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"BANNED IN DALLAS" CONTROVERSY

Kudos to Larry Flynt's Publisher's Statement, "Banned in Dallas." I agree fully with his opinion and know somehow that mankind, being so technically advanced, should be able to eradicate hate, bigotry and deceit.

I do my best by keeping my personal life free from those attitudes, but I can see that man is barely out of the Inquisition in his emotional state of evolution. My wife and I fully love each other and admire our bodies and souls.

More freedom from censorship and best to you and HUSTLER, Mr. Flynt.

Alan D. Pray
Fairbanks, Alaska

Mr. Larry Flynt,

I have just finished reading your August Publisher's Statement. I feel that you are correct in your feelings toward the hypocrisy of our fabulous city of Dallas, supposedly the "All-American City."

I cannot understand why the war in Vietnam was allowed on TV while nudity and childhood innocence were censored. Our priorities have just become screwed around all of a sudden, or else we were taken over by a bunch of Christ-bathing perverts. The only other possible reason for the banning of the *Newsweek* article, "The Great Retreat," is because the USA runs smoother during wars than between them.

I just hope that some day people will recover from the sickness of hypocrisy long enough to see others and not just look at them.

Sincerely,
R. J. Barnhart
Dallas, Texas

Editor & Publisher Flynt,

Do you have the courage to print critical letters? Your righteous indignation over the censorship of genitalia while showing the shrapnel-ripped stomach of a female child on the cover of *Newsweek* is PHONEY!!!

Has it ever occurred to you that showing the extreme of cruel, ugly brutality is equal to the extreme of spreading genitalia in openly sexual, lust-tempting poses before people? One is no more ultimately healthy than the other! You, of course, would have us believe that sexually tempting, lust-inciting pictures are highly desirable, as evidenced by the content of your publication.

You then go on to falsely state that Americans are denied graphic representations of nudity. Who are you kidding?? You are around, as well as dozens of other publications of similar flavor. Porn stores abound throughout the nation, and Americans are free to buy whatever they wish.

You totally miss the point of the cover. This horrible picture was not shown to sell war, but to demonstrate its total complete disgusting

tragedy. The child's genitalia is quite secondary, and perhaps were best eliminated, since people have a great deal of confusion about them in this sexually mixed-up country. They can see them, however, any time they wish! Your type of publication, based on preoccupation with sexual activity, does not pretend to portray it as tragedy but as something greatly desirable and worth buying.

Newsweek does not have a preoccupation with war, but rather a hope that this wretched picture may turn people off to this terrible folly. Re-examine your superficial attitudes on thinking that by splashing open genitalia in sexually inviting poses, you are doing a big favor to the American public. Neither the flesh-tearing horror of war nor your unbalanced view of sex provide healthy attitudes for human beings.

R.A.D.
New York, New York

No, you totally missed the point! Perhaps in your hurry to find something wrong with this "type" of publication, you missed parts of the article, or maybe your small mind couldn't absorb so much. I was pointing out the ignorance of people who required a piece of tape be placed over the photo of this unfortunate child's genital area. I said, "The nakedness of the corpse shows the cruelty of war, which strips its victims of dignity, even as it strips them of life itself."

L.F.

I never, but never, write to magazines—even when I am impressed a great deal favorably or unfavorably—but with you, I am making a vain exception. "Vain," meaning pointless, because I doubt that anything I would say could have the slightest impression on you or your attitude toward what is palatable sexually, morally or spiritually.

Enclosed are bits and pieces of material I happened to be exposed to in *HUSTLER* that are sickeningly contradictory. One, the Publisher's Statement, about the censorship of *Newsweek*'s cover by Dallas authorities, which you took exception to, when all you are interested in is mutual sex and relations that are harmless or something to that effect. You were quoted jokingly in *Screw* about your penchant for screwing and slitting 10-year-old boys' throats. That makes two references to child molestation and mayhem, namely the picture of the mother and child and the *Screw* article. My point being that this month's issue of "Chester The Molester," is number three. Do you call this a joke???? You have to be the weirdest and grossest pornographer in the business.

I really dig smut, but for you to protest cruelty and killing in favor of healthy sex, and then to publish such contradictory horror is an indication of your complete lack of feeling for humankind and potentially the worst type of sadistic murderer you profess to abhor.

Which do you most prefer to screw and then

kill, little girls or little boys? Have you ever tried both?

An Unsigned Reader

Obviously, you can't tell the difference between satire and fact. It might be a good idea if you got your head out of your ass.

L.F.

Mr. Wilfred J. Gagnon
Managing Editor *Unitarian-Universalist World*
25 Beacon Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02108

Dear Mr. Gagnon:

Larry Flynt, Editor and Publisher of *HUSTLER Magazine*, has put together in his editorial for the August issue a point of view that most certainly is as close to the hearts of a great many Unitarian-Universalist members as it is to mine. I call it to your attention.

The illnesses of minds that glorify and reward the pain and anguish caused by war hardly constitute news. It is encouraging, however, to see in print such graphic contrasts as presented by Mr. Flynt in his editorial. Unitarian-Universalists of my association would support Mr. Flynt's point of view. Here, then, are two unrelated efforts being aimed at a common goal. May they both proliferate the concepts of a God given body that is worthy of honor and respect, in opposition to the petty national selfishness of wars that pay fantastically to destroy the product of God's love.

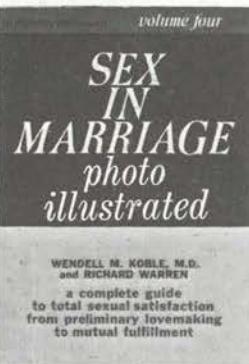
Sincerely,

C.W. Leach
member, East Suburban Unitarian-Universalist Church
Monroeville, Pa.

cc: Mr. Flynt

Having spent my life all over the world for the past 22 years, and having seen and experienced many different sexual cultures during this time, I would like to make the following comments on your fine magazine, expressly about your Publisher's Statement. Never have I seen a country in which the state prohibits and dictates what a citizen may read, see or do as much as here in the United States of America. Never have I experienced people with as many sexual hang-ups as in the USA. Your editorial in the August, 1975 issue just about summed up the sick censorship this country is pushing down the throats of the citizenry. I am now in the US Army, at a remote site called White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico, and to my surprise, the PX here sells *HUSTLER*. It is sold out two days after showing up on the magazine racks, when *Playboy* and *Penthouse* are still readily available. It is the most sought-after magazine here, and I hope you guys don't let any censorship or

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governmental agencies get you down. Keep up the good work.

SSG Klaus R. Degen

US Army

White Sands Missile Range

New Mexico

But, you know what? Your magazine also disgusts me, especially those pictures of our former First Lady, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis.

How disgraceful for you to show such photos! Isn't it weird that your magazines turn me on, though I hate it? I hope Jackie Onassis sues you right out of business. You and all the rest of you rotten people. You know, in this world there are two kinds of sexual activity: 1) *Rotten*, 2) Desiring another person. Your magazine puts across rotten, dirty sex. I love the type of sex where I desire another person in a deeper way. Even though rotten sex turns me on, I don't like being satisfied as a result of such a sexual turn-on. If your magazine is an example of the future of our sexualness—I'm moving to another planet.

Yours Truthfully
No Signature

You come across like a schizophrenic nun who has just been exposed to perversion. Why don't you try Mars? We understand that paradoxical freaks are welcome there.

AUGUST THOUGHTS

Scattered thoughts on your August issue: "A Foreskin is Missing." I decided on circumcision as an adult. My foreskin (*prepuce* is the medical term) was neither tight nor long (*phimosis*, again the medical term) and this is the usual indication for adult circumcision. I simply felt that I would be more comfortable without it, and I have been. It slowed orgasm at first, because the inside layer of the skin is supersensitive. Later, it slowed orgasm as the glans (head) became tougher from constant exposure to air and clothing. Women seem to care little whether we have been "trimmed" or not. The erect penis does not look too different either way.

If your foreskin bothers you, have it removed. But have a good surgeon (*not* the family M.D.) do it; it will not be an ordeal. If delayed orgasm is your only objective, circumcision probably will not work. Sexual response is a multifaceted, very subjective experience.

"Mark Stevens, Mr. 10½." This is press agency at its worst. A wise man once said, "Show me, don't tell me." I very much doubt Stevens has 10½ inches. As shown in your photos, Mark's penis looks very much like mine—a mere 6½". Prove it with a photo at "full-mast," next to a dollar bill, which is 6" and cannot be faked. A ruler can be a phony one.

"Marilyn, All Things Being Equal (Centerfold)." Is her clitoris equal to other girls, or is it, as I think, unusually long? Perhaps HUSTLER will run a photo study of clitorides (Latin plural of the single "clitoris"). Do "long" girls—like Clairol blondes—have more fun? The study would be even more fun.

Dr. Robert J. Valentine

Thank you for your advice to our readers about circumcision, as we welcome open exchanges of opinions among our readers. And yes, Mark is 10½". But, as we can't show erections in our magazine, you'll have to take our word for it. And yes, Marilyn is long and does have more fun.

continued on page 37

ADVISE OF CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I love SEX. Being recently divorced at the age of 33, I am very passionate. My problem is that the men I have slept with, who are my age or older, usually are not very good in bed. So, I have taken to going to the rock-bars and picking up the young musicians, who are in their early twenties. Wow, are they ever good! They can come three, four, and even five times a night. They get hard in minutes, and are ready for another round of sex after they come. Their cocks are rock hard all the time, and they shoot heavy loads each and every time. Why are they so much better than someone only ten or fifteen years older?

I had a man who was thirty-seven. He was hung like a stud horse. He fucked me like a whore, and made me tell him how much I like his big tool. Over and over, he would ask, "You love it, don't you? Tell me you love it." But, he only came once in four hours of hard fucking. I also had a young piano player whose prick was enormous. He fucked me like a savage. I think older women go for young studs for just this reason. The young guys know how to treat a passionate chick.

My ex-husband was quite leery of this, so one night he agreed to let me screw a young dude of 23. He didn't believe that a "punk of 23" could satisfy me. The young dude fucked me while my ex-husband watched and listened in a dark bedroom closet. We did everything, and I even took his load in my mouth. When he finally left, my ex-husband came out of the closet and went right to my pussy. My Ex sucked and fucked me like he had never done before. I highly recommend this to all women whose husbands are dull in bed. Let them see what a young dude in his twenties can do. Are you in agreement with this practice?

R.W.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

You and your ex-husband are to be congratulated for your spirit of experimentation. Many people whose sex-life has fallen off shrug their shoulders, thinking that it is only natural. These people lack the courage (or, maybe just the opportunity) to discuss the matter freely, or to do anything about it.

There very definitely is something revitalizing about a firm, young body, but, like all good things, if you get too much of it, it can become a drag. We

recommend bouncing back and forth between the young and the old, if possible, because the old are more experienced. In other words, keep it spicey with variety.

And as to your observation that younger guys last longer than older ones, all we can say is there are a lot of thirty- and forty-year-old cocks men who would disagree. Search these guys out, and see what they have to offer. And don't be surprised if your ex-husband starts going after a piece of younger tail from now on.

didn't want to hurt her, but I just didn't know what to do. And then, she threw an arm around my neck and started kissing me. At the same time, she began stroking my cock, which by this time weighed about a ton.

There was really nothing I could do. Without saying a word, she had my pants unzipped and went to work sucking me off. What the hell was I supposed to do then? I just couldn't bring myself to pulling her away. All I could think about was that she'd better hurry up, or else her husband would be back soon.

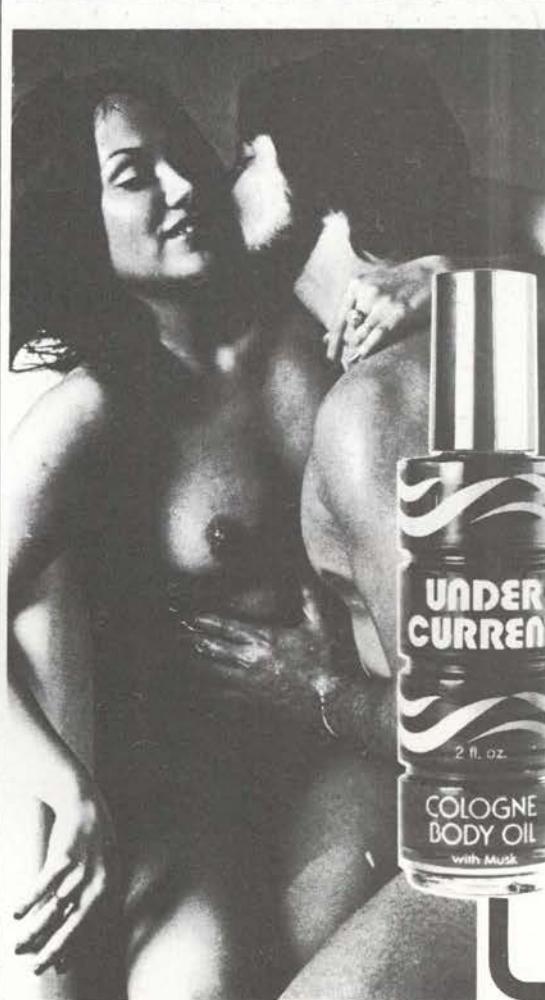
I came in her mouth, and she swallowed as much as she could, wiping off what was left with a paper towel from the kitchen. Then, she put her shirt back on, and I zipped-up my pants. We sat there silently until her husband got back.

That night, after Carol had gone up to bed, my friend told me that he was having trouble with his marriage, and he wanted my advice. He wanted to know what I thought he should do about his wife!

So, that's my problem, HUSTLER. I like my friend, but I also like his wife. What should I do?

S.L.
Donora, Penn.

As we see it, you have two choices. One: You can avoid the situation entirely, and the next couple of times your friend invites you over, tell him that you're busy. This will give him time to settle his marriage "troubles," without your



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"help." In other words, just assume that your buddy can handle his own problems, and don't get any more involved than you are already. Two: Since your friend is having marital difficulties, and he wants your help, and his wife likes you as much as you say, why fight it? Take a look at this month's Sex Play article, "The Unique Thrills of Threesomes," beginning on page 19.

When I was sixteen years old, I went with a chick for almost a year, and we would fuck maybe three or four times a week. But, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, I was only able to fuck one chick, and we only went for ten minutes before I came.

Do you think you can tell me what is wrong, and how I can learn to control myself? What I mean is, I would like to be able to come when I want to, and keep from coming when I don't want to.

N.J.
Key West, Fla.

There are a lot of answers to your question. You might be able to control your ejaculation simply by withdrawing from a woman's cunt whenever you feel you're about to come. Agreed, this idea might tend to leave her frustrated, but then again many women find it titillating.

Another thing you can try is keeping your cock in her box, but letting your mind wander. You'll find that if you break your concentration for a few seconds and think about something other than that nice, hot honeypot, you'll have an increased staying time, and provide much more pleasure. One of the advantages of this method is that all you have to do is start thinking about sex again, and BAM—you'll come like lightning.

Finally, there are several manual "games" you and your chick can play which will keep you from coming too soon, while they keep your woman stimulated at the same time. For instance, you can momentarily withdraw from her and let her hold your cock tightly, while she applies pressure to the base of your scrotum. This will effectively keep you from coming, but to her it will appear to be a new way of making it.

So, you see, your problem isn't as bad as you thought. All it takes is a little imagination and willpower.

This letter is in reference to your September issue, page 12, under "Advise & Consent." I feel the advice you gave to the guy on the first article about his best friend having pictures of his naked wife and jerking off to them should have been nominated for the Asshole of the Month advice. If you would jerk off to his wife's picture, please put a few pictures of your wife in the next issue so I can enjoy the same pleasure while looking at your wife (naked, that is). Or, even a centerfold would make things easier.

Clancey Bruno
Erie, Pa.

You, sir, with all of your female possessiveness and hypocritical attitudes, are precisely the type of man that women love to hate. Apparently, it is all well and good for you to buy HUSTLER magazine and enjoy looking at the female photo features, but heaven help anyone who even begins to think of your wife with any sort of amorous intent. To illustrate just how clever you think you are, sir, may we ask just one little question? Who the hell do you think was the

subject of our first life-size centerfold in the July 1975 Anniversary issue?

With all due respect (what little is due), we humbly recommend you for HUSTLER's very first VICE-Asshole of the Month!

Help! I'm really worried. I've been screwing guys since I was twelve years old, and I find that I am unable to be faithful. I was married for 10 years to a guy I really loved, but I screwed around a lot. Now I am about to be married again. This man is a fantastic stud, but already I feel the unfaithfulness coming on. Should I get married or not? I'm very desperate.

No Name Please
Sherman, N.Y.

Everyone's concept of marriage is different. You need to sit down and discuss marriage on a sexual level with your intended spouse. Tell him about your "unfaithful" feelings. If he is liberal enough, he might be interested in an open marriage, where either partner is free to have sexual relationships with persons outside of the marriage contract. And, don't worry about his getting up-tight, because it's better that he knows your true feelings before the ceremony, rather than after. Remember: to some, marriage is only a word, but to others it is a sentence.

If you knew what my boy friend puts me through, I swear that you would understand when I say if it happens one more time I'm going to crawl away and die. Bob, my boy friend, has this God-awful habit everytime he gets drunk and really hangs one on, of sticking his penis into anything around like bottles, earrings, between chair slats, etc. Once in there, he gets a hard on and he can't get it out, and we have to hang around for hours until he sobers up a bit and it goes down, and he can get it out.

Last month he put it through a drawer handle at my brother's and we had to wait an hour before we could get it out. I thought I was going to die on the spot. I love Bob, but if this keeps up, I am going to have to call it quits. If there's anything you can suggest, please let me know.

Helen Roth
Racine, Wisconsin

Our sympathies over your problem. Whether you should offer him an ultimatum, keep him sober, or take him to a shrink, you will have to decide for yourself. However, we do have a suggestion from a nurse friend of ours on how to get out of the situation quickly, should it happen again. Our friend says that patients with erections are often problems for nurses trying to change bed sheets while the patient remains in bed. It's hard to roll someone over with a hard-on sticking out. What nurses do is place the index finger tight against the thumb and flick it out hard against the tip of the penis. There is little chance of serious injury, the pain is slight, but the hard-on sure goes down quick. Best of luck and let us know how things "come out."

Continued on page 38



"I love Thanksgiving; send up a 180-pound Tom"

from Woodley Herber:

2 BRAND NEW ANCIENT IDEAS FOR LOVERS...

...and they're LEGAL!

Sensuous, exciting herbal blends that you smoke like marijuana, or mix with your stash. VOLUPTE* is a secret mixture of herbs used as aphrodisiacs for centuries, including rare Ginseng root from China, plus Damiana, Verbascum Flowers and 7 more. FIORD* contains African Yohimbe Bark, one of the most powerful sex herbs ever discovered, said to even have caused spontaneous erections. Smoke a joint with your lover... and feel your bodies smile at each other.



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VOLUPTE — with Ginseng Root, Damiana, Yarrow, Verbascum Flowers, Blue Pimpernil, Humulus Lupus, Angelica, Echinacea, Lobelia, Star Anise, \$5.95 per lid.

CAUTION: Avoid driving or operating heavy equipment for 4 hours after smoking these products.

*Woodley Herber, "Volute" and "Fiord" are trademarks of The Woodley Herber Company.

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BITS & PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Lenny Bruce—who at one time made a living by impersonating a rabbi and soliciting donations from wealthy Hollywood matrons—once said that any priest with more than one suit of clothes to his name was a *fraud*.

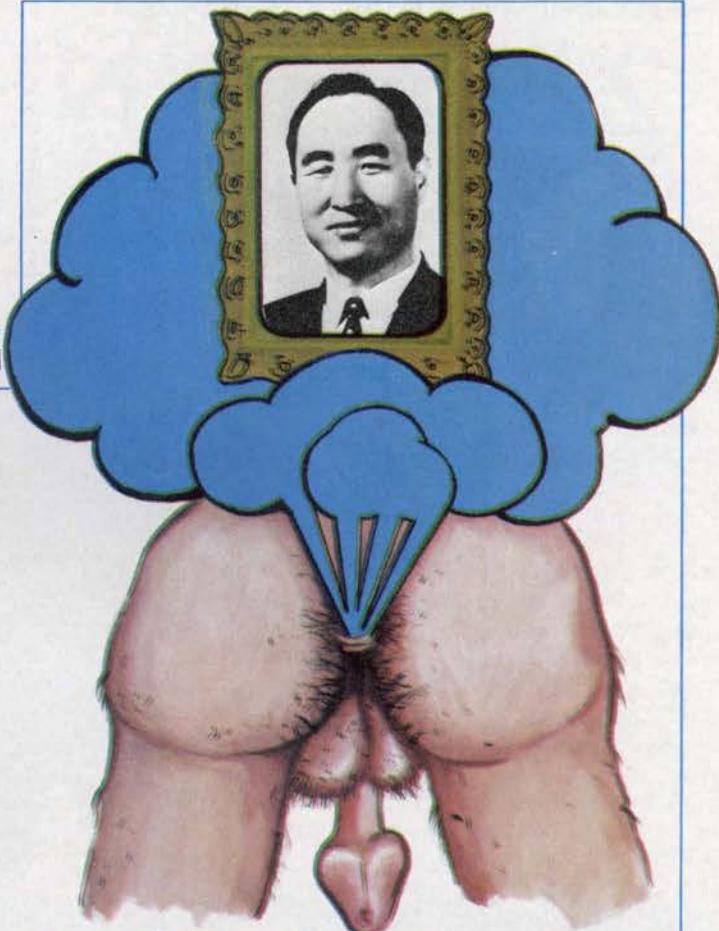
He had a point.

Lenny never met the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, head of the 1.2 million member Unification Church. If he had, one of them would probably not have lived through the encounter.

This demagogic Korean evangelist has bought more than \$10 million worth of real estate in this country alone since bringing his crusade to the U.S. two-and-a-half years ago. The church—a blend of Christianity, Eastern Philos-

ophy, Anti-Communism, and the belief that Moon may be the second Messiah—owns land in California, a dozen houses throughout the country, a 47 acre estate in Belvedere, N.Y., and the \$1.2 million Columbia University Club in Manhattan, purchased last May as his national headquarters. His followers raise close to \$8 million annually by selling flowers, candles, tea and peanuts door-to-door. In their spare time, they picket adult bookstores and movie theaters, claiming in effect that sexual freedom is against the will of Allah, Buddah, and the Rev. Moon.

People are beginning to get wise. Both parents and whole communities are battling in and



out of court to keep the rip-off Rev. from capturing either their children or their land, many threatening to ask congress for an end to Moon's tax-exempt status.

Only a deranged leper could

seriously mistake this asshole for the second Messiah. And now this Korean cretin wants to *buy* the Empire State Building. What better place for Sun to throw a King Kong-sized Moon at America?

GADGET™

Volume One/Number One

September 1970

\$1.00

Sun Watch Falls Son Test

SYNCHRONIC. A Solar Powered Watch. Manufactured by the Synchro-nic Industries, Inc., 8 Peppermint Avenue, North Arlington, N.J. 07032. Telephone: Peppermint. Purchased from Abercrombie & Fitch, New York City, \$500.00.

One of the most wanting new gadgets to hit the trade press recently has been the Synchro-nic digital watch, packaged in an even more thrilling unit, and promising to work like a Swiss watch. Manufacturers of the Synchro-nic, has been running many full page ads in the trade press over the past few months. That watch, which is almost a perpetually glowing clock, also represents the kind of futuristic space age technology most of us never imagined, had until outside the laptrap worlds of science fiction.

Japan's instructions claim that "the Synchro-nic is a solar powered, capsule programmed automatically to provide correct time and date information through a 10-year leap-year cycle. The next exception to the leap year will be years 2030. That is, the Synchro-nic is virtually a perpetual time machine. It ab-

soads light energy from the sun and transmits its intelligence via a light-emitting diode (LED). The totally sealed capsule contains an electronic module, which functions as a micro-computer, transparent gel, sliding input controls mounted

in their correct sequence. Whatever complicated tasks you require, the Japanese seem to test their watch, they in no way prepare a much too extensive manual.

Another problem is the case with which one can break it. The Synchro-nic is built by touching a slide button on the left. This button must be carefully able to be changed with a mallet and iron edge, or be pummeled ahead by a sharp knuckle.

Rough gives a two-year warranty and, thankfully, they are quite responsive to those in difficulties. Therefore, be aware you will probably need to utilize the warranty quite frequently. The exact manufacturer claims that "the Synchro-nic is shock-resistant to 5,000 G's." Whatever that means, the Synchro-nic failed to hold up to a meeting with my eight-month-old son, Goldstein, who chewed it, knocked it on the floor and broke the display and setting switches, which are amorphous and individualized.

Actually, the Synchro-nic is a watch with great potential, and in fact it very well may be the most tedious watch to make it every gadgeteer's dream. It has a huge way to go before it can be considered the jolt of even a young child, much less satisfy an adult consumer. We shall have to wait for the time being (and regrettably) not acceptable.



actually outlasts the display and setting switches, which are amorphous and individualized. A unique and intricate micro-circuit, having more than 1,000 tran-

"AI Goldstein Goes Straight!" This startling headline — akin to "Pope Turns Jewish" — kicked off an announcement that Screw's scabrous publisher is launching a new (and nonsexual) media enterprise: a consumers' report newsletter on high-priced toys "for grown-up kids." The newsletter is called, simply, *Gadget*, and the toys being tested are things like solar-powered watches, telephone answering machines and automated ice cream scoopers. "Things you don't need," says Goldstein, "but can't live without."

On the logical theory that

GADGET

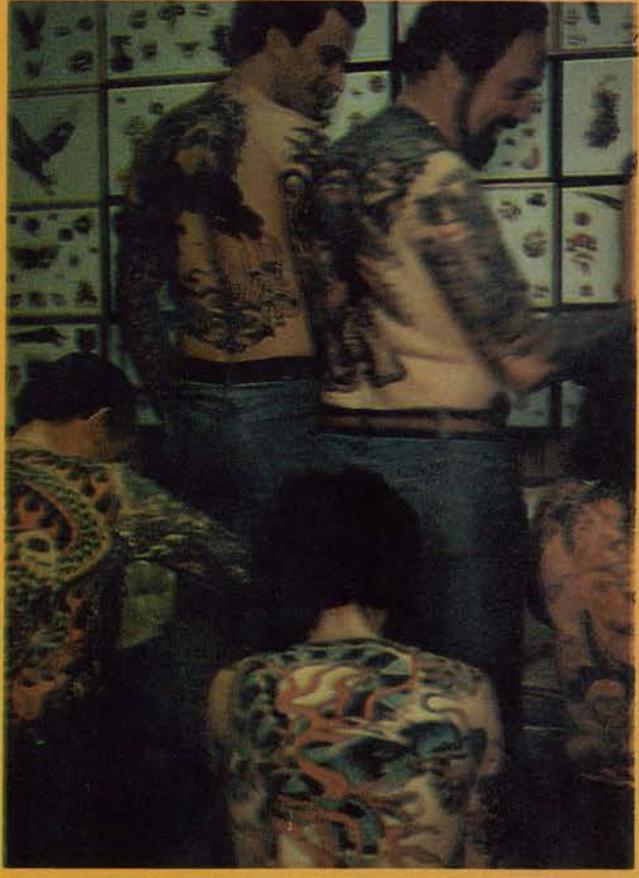
any complex and expensive gimmick should be able to withstand the pokings and pryings of a child, Goldstein employs his eight-month-old son to test some of the gadgets — and the sun-powered watch failed the "son test." So, if you're looking for the same kind of brutally honest, entertainingly-written product information on straight gadgets as that which Screw provides on sexual apparatus, drop gadgeteer Goldstein a line (with \$9.95 enclosed) at 116 West 14th St., New York, New York 10011. You'll get twelve nifty issues of *Gadget* for your efforts.



GALIC GOURMET

Here we see an enactment of the two things the French do best: sex and cooking. No, it's not an ad for Veg-A-Matic. Actually, the black-aproned chick wielding the butcher knife is one of the Parisienne streetwalkers temporarily put out of business by the pushy transvestite hookers described elsewhere in these pages. Ever one to take a lemon and turn it into lemonade, this jobless *fille de joie* turned the unemploy-

ment pinch to her own advantage by becoming a cock chopper at the sex-change clinic. The pay is lousy, but you should see the tips. Foresighted Mademoiselle Fifi, here, saved hers and has opened Paris' first restaurant catering to man-hungry liberated ladies. "Sliced, diced, mashed or hashed, all are *delicieuse*," Fifi claims. "The head's the best part." Don't talk with your mouth full, Fifi.



ART OF TATTOOING

The current tattooing fad, described in last Christmas' issue of HUSTLER, is not news to these gentlemen, all members of tattoo artist "Spider" Webb's Tattoo Club of America. No pansy renditions of hearts, flowers and

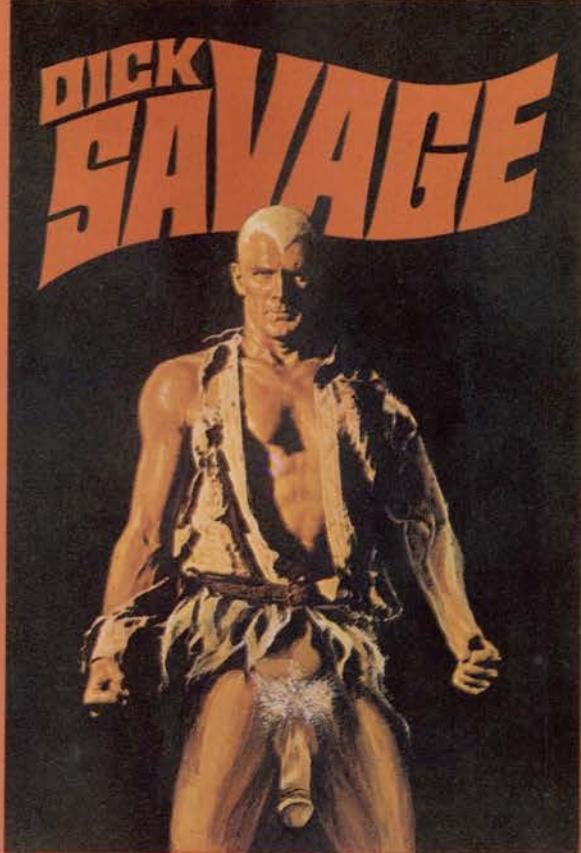
butterflies for these guys — they prefer mural-size panoramas which rival the Bayeaux Tapestries for scope and complexity on their backs and arms. Religious, oriental and serpentine themes are big favorites. If you're interested in being a work of art, rather than just looking at one, contact club president Webb at 112 West 1st St., Mount Vernon, New York 10550.

SEXVENTS

We hear that New York's Sex Fest '75 was as boring as a new copy of *Penthouse*. Ask anyone who happened to be there. The Hotel Diplomat's Grand Ballroom ceiling leaked (sounds real flashy, huh?). And in the words of Daro, Prince of Piece, "You could have gone there never having seen a porno, and left the same way. It was the pit's piss."

We'd call it "Swanky."

Boston, Massachusetts, finds that their two-block X-rated area is a great success. The city is plenishing the self-contained section with trees, a park, etc., to keep it attractive while adults who know what they want to see can go find topless, bottomless and various hard-core erotic fare without fear of arrest or prosecution. Whoever said, "It can't happen here"? or even there?



DICK SAVAGE

From out of the frothing crucible of molten adventure comes a man whose massive strength lunges at the forces of evil. Beating and pounding at the ungodly's loathsome door, comes DICK SAVAGE!

But . . . alas, poor ol' Dick is getting old. After all, he was born around 1910, and after

years of stress and strenuous activity, the Man of Bronze is beginning to have trouble "getting it hard."

So, there it hangs, amid its brillo-pad of silver-gray hair, as flaccid as a flabby fig. After hours of grunting and groaning, all Savage got was a bronze hernia.

FLING

Fling Magazine, long known as one of the tackiest men's magazines in the business, is making noises about upgrading its quality. Any change would be an improvement. Publisher Arv Miller served a (very) brief stint with *Playboy* early on (as Art Director), and apparently Hefner's tit fetish rubbed off on him, because *Fling's* models have always had the most grotesquely huge boobs this side of the Kansas City stockyards. Miller vows that girls in the new-look *Fling* will be featured on the basis of other charms besides mam-



mary massiveness. Hopefully hereafter, *Fling* readers will no longer experience that sudden urge to down a large glass of milk after leafing through its dyspeptic pages.

SIGN LANGUAGE

Anyone who has ever had the impulse to shift the letters around on a theatre marquee should appreciate the wit of this anonymous joker in Houston, Texas. Those customized mobile signboards, with the moveable letters, are the greatest boon to public pranksters since the invention of spray paint, and if you leave

them within reach of prying hands, you deserve what you get. Our personal favorite used to be the Big Boy restaurant sign that read, "Please Wait For Hostess To Seat You," from which someone had removed the "S" in "Seat." The folks at Big Boy never noticed the difference.

J.I. Parchman



STICKING UP FOR HUSTLER

It seems there are no limits to what *HUSTLER*'s voracious readers will do to obtain and delight in the monthly ration of turn-ons contained in these humid pages . . . One of our distributors in Australia recounted the following story:

"A dealer in South Australia saw a man in his shop standing, reading a magazine. When the dealer demanded the man either buy the magazine or put it down, the guy ran out of the shop with the

magazine under his arm. The dealer ran after him, caught him and tried to pull the magazine away from him, whereupon the guy drew a knife and stabbed the dealer.

"Chaos ensued, the police came, and the delinquent was charged with assault and theft. The magazine being fought over was *HUSTLER*."

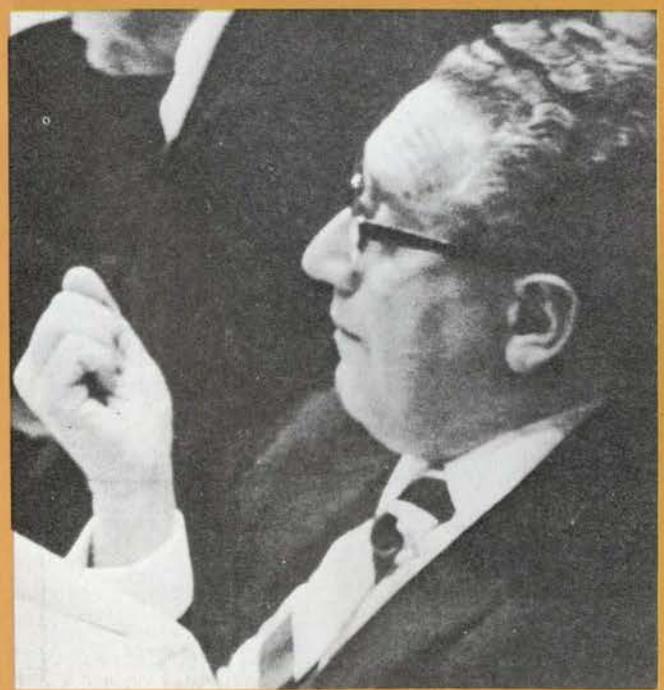
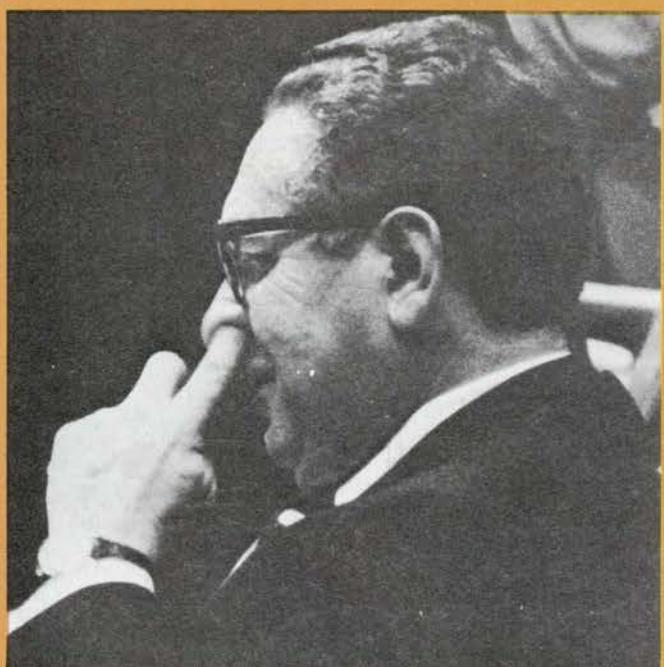
We applaud our impetuous reader's loyalty, but deplore his methods. Read him his rights and call JUDD for the Defense.

PICK A WINNER

Count on world renowned photographer Mucus Green to be on the scene whenever a celebrity can be caught with his finger up his nose or his head up his ass. In this case, Henry the K. must be preoccupied with keeping world affairs straight, because he seems confused as to "which hand has the M&M's." Kissinger is famous for never letting his left hand know what his right hand is doing, but this is over doing it. Or maybe he's

just trying to decide whether it would be polite to stash a booger on the underside of one of those velvet chairs at the Kremlin. The post-nasal drip photographer who dug out this story refused to disclose whether or not Hank ate it.

Screw, the "World's Snottiest Newspaper," did pick a winner for a subscription ad. After making the exclusive shots of Super K. into an ad, Screw's subscription revenues went up 300%.



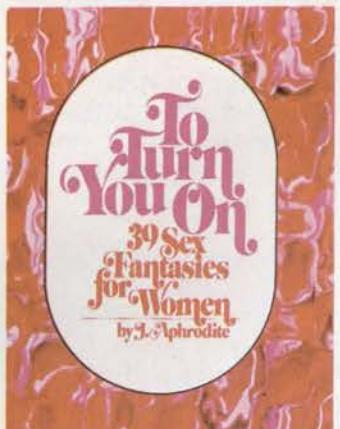
"NERTS," THE BREATH MINT

"DON'T BROADCAST COCK BREATH!" That's the advertising slogan for "Nerts," the new breath purifier for foul-mouthed fellatrices, being daintily licked by the comely lass above. The boys in the Product Research Department at Prickter and Dangle Co. burned the midnight oil more than a few times in developing these amazingly life-like breath mints, each fortified with a sparkling drop of "Retchsyn."

P&D test-marketed its can-dified oral dildos in Erie, Pa., last summer, and they proved to be a lapping success. "Now Billy Joe lets me kiss him after I've swallowed his load," chirped one satisfied user, "instead of turning blue and gagging, like he used to." Her testimonial inspired the copy writers at P & D to crank out yet another ad slogan: "If he came in your mouth once, will he come again? Be certain with 'Nerts!'"

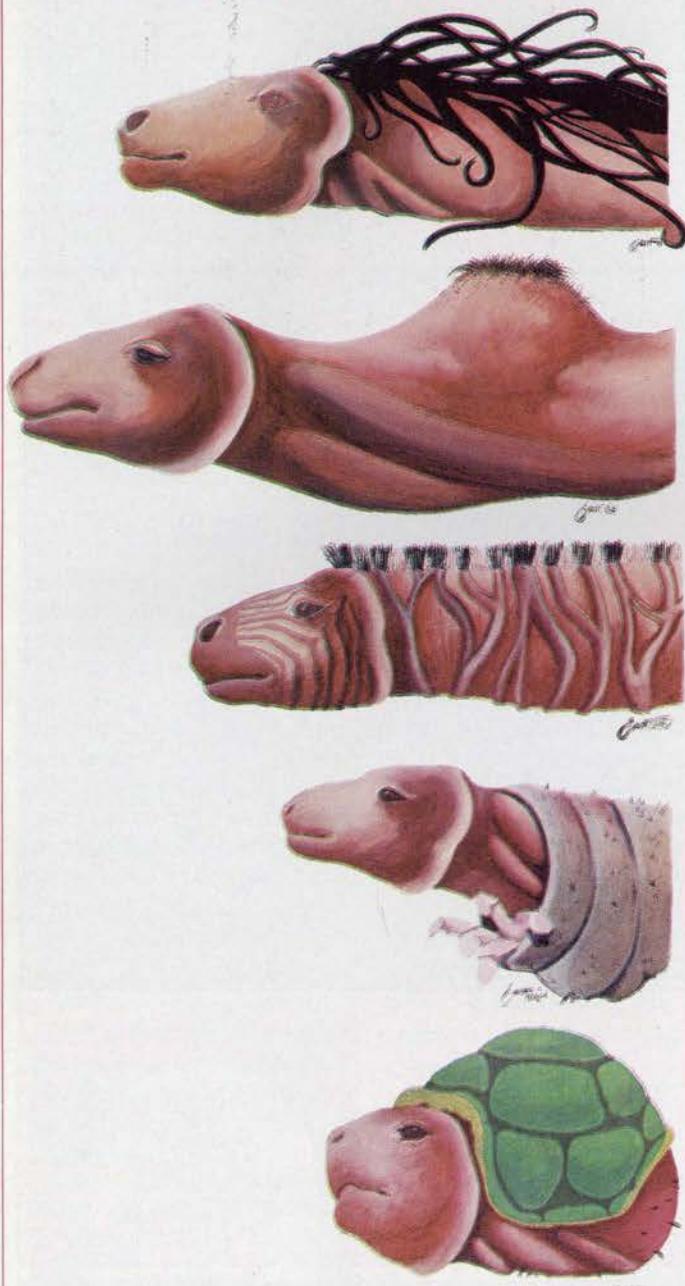
HOT DREAMS OF WOMEN

Lyle Stuart, the intrepid publisher of erotica who bestowed *The Sensuous Woman*, and *The Sensuous Man* on the American public a few years back, is releasing another how-to sex book. The new volume is called *To Turn You On... 39 Sex Fantasies for Women*, and it is designed to help women develop their capacity to fantasize. The pseudonymous author, "J. Aphrodite," accomplishes her purpose of "nourishing a wider variety of sexual daydreams" for women by relating 39 sex fantasies, with the instinctively accurate aim for the readers' literary pleasure buttons which is Lyle Stuart's hallmark.



If you've ever wondered what role you play in women's sexual daydreams—or could play if you knew what those daydreams were—you will benefit from reading this entertaining and instructive book. Pick it up from your local bookstore for \$8.00, or order it directly (same price, plus a small postage fee) from Lyle Stuart Inc., 120 Enterprise Ave., Secaucus, N.J. 07094.

HORSING AROUND



How many times have you heard it said that someone had "a cock on him like a horse," or was "hung like a Missouri jackass"? It's probably a product of the farm background which is not too many branches back in anybody's family tree. At HUSTLER, we hear—and make—such horsey remarks everytime some would-be King Dong sends in his penile self-portrait, and it got us to wondering if the Equine species really is the phallic "King of Beasts."

Exhaustive research by HUSTLER's reference depart-

ment revealed that while being hung like a stud horse (20 inches) ain't bad, it's not as good as being hung like a camel—two feet. It is better than being hung like a zebra (18 inches), or like a kangaroo (14 inches). For heft, as well as length, it's hard to beat the Galapagos tortoise, which has a penis a foot long and half a foot (or more) across. Very interesting, but somehow it doesn't sound quite as impressive to say, "Listen baby, I got a cock on me like a Galapagos tortoise."

M.W. Martin

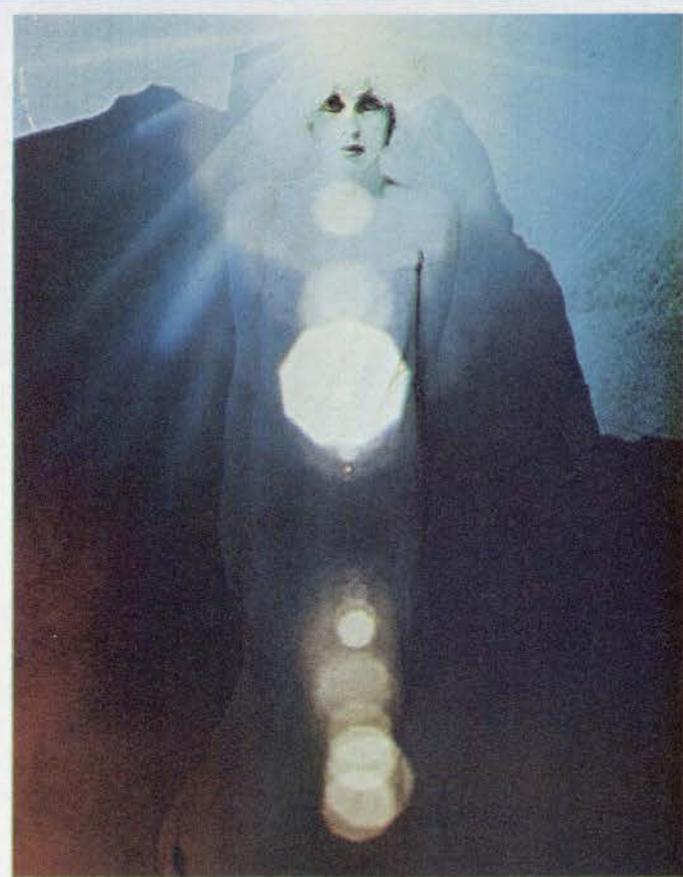
ELITE

Elite Magazine aims to be Canada's version of *Playboy* — a possible answer to the widespread resentment felt in Canada over the domination of the Canadian market by American magazines, such as *HUSTLER*. But so far, *Elite* looks too much like *Playboy*, with all the stuffiness and pretension of Hefner's rag and none of the high-priced editorial content. *Elite*'s lackluster, unimaginative photo spreads (often in black & white) haven't been lighting anybody's fire, either.

Elite recently posed a nude model — draped in a Canadian flag, to express the new



nationalistic spirit of Canadian magazines — in front of the Parliament Building in Ottawa. This publicity stunt may do the magazine some good, if Publisher David Wells has the fortitude to liven *Elite* up by making the necessary editorial changes.



THE IMMORTALS

The immortals were thought to come from the heavens to Earth, there to receive a certain homage from humankind, which they had shared in creating. Even

today there is talk about gods and goddesses hanging out in the Elysian fields, fucking and eating, and generally enjoying the good life we all talk about, but which few of us will ever see. That is, unless we're high in a mountain meadow, sun shining in our eyes ... a beautiful woman beside ...

FRENCH FOLLIES

HUSTLER's Man in Paris reports that transvestites, propped by hormone treatments and sex-change operations, have completely taken over prostitution from honest-to-God female whores in the City of Light. "Operating in groups, wearing mini-skirts and tight sweaters, the He-She hookers have virtually eliminated competing women from the most desirable spots—like American newspaper boys staking out a claim to the best street corner," says our Parisian stringer. "Paying customers accept the change without protest, or pretend ignorance. In most instances, these sex quickies are limited to oral sex in automobile seats or a thicket." *Quelle embarrassemment* for the city that claims to be the Love Capital of the World. Irma La Douce must be spinning in her grave like a lathe.

"These hookers with a hor-



monal top bulge often pay \$4,000 for a total sex-change operation," our man continues, "which turns around their penis and foreskin in glove fashion into the shape of a vagina. Operative freaks of their type are in constant demand, and earn an average of \$200 to \$300 per day." So, if you're planning on making a European tour next summer, be forewarned.

Laurence Santrey

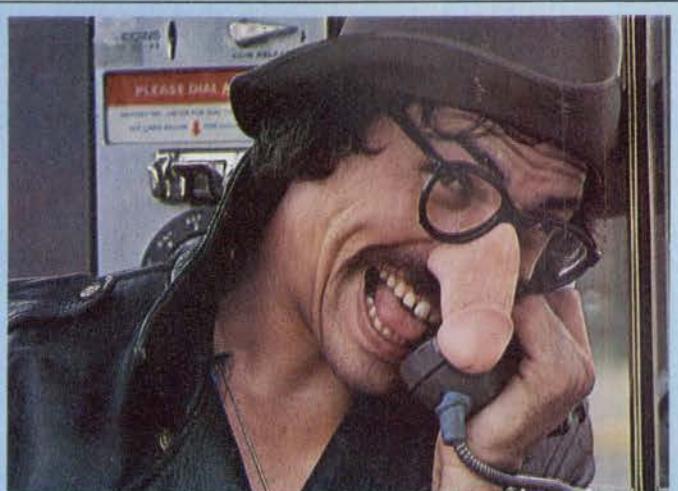
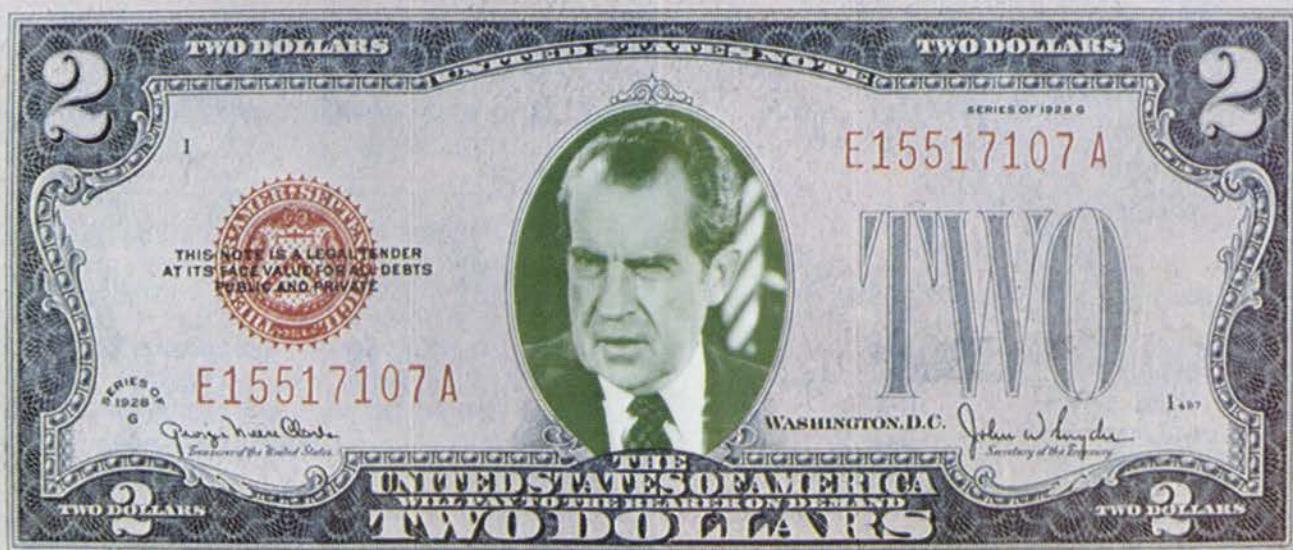
\$2 BILL, STRANGE? MAYBE NOT! NOT ANYMORE!

We just might have the \$2 bill to kick around again since its hiatus from circulation in 1966. Because of the increase in ink and paper prices, the government printing department is considering bringing back the \$2 bill to relieve the heavy printing run of \$1 bills. In fact,

they could save \$4 million of the taxpayers money, just by cutting the \$1 bill run in half. In the past three years, the printing of 1,000 bills of any denomination has risen from \$7.76 to \$11 and has forced the government to reconsider its procedures.

After having to pay two for one, will the new bill's worth eventually be just that—one??

Since the economy has been in a long down-hill slide ever since Nixon took office, we suggest putting his beetle-browed visage on the new, devaluated \$2 bill.



HERBERT THE PERVERT

Notorious Herbert the Pervert had made quite an underground name for himself, haunting bus stations and schoolyards throughout the Continental U.S. With his insane grin and bizarre beak, it's not a sight you could easily forget. But now Herbert is ready to go public and claim the nationwide celebrity which is rightfully his, by promoting his own favorite form of perver-

sion: nasal sex. "Oral sex and anal sex are old hat," Herbert claims, "but you haven't lived until you've 'given nose.' It's bound to be the new kick! Women really dig it, too. I should know—I've always had a nose for nudes."

When last seen, Herbert was hitch hiking north to Alaska, to gather material for a book he's writing on erotic nose-rubbing practices of the Eskimos.

Fight to Save 'Sex Clinic'

San Francisco, June 14 (UPI)—Kitt Desmond opened her posh Victorian "sex clinic" to selected guests last night to raise funds for the legal defense of what police consider a bordello.

A trio of belly dancers entertained while women "counselors," dressed in evening gowns, served drinks and sold "Save Kitty's Clinic" buttons for \$1 each.

"We want everybody to know that what we have here is not a bordello," said Ms. Desmond, who calls herself the executive planning director of the Golden Gate Foundation. "We're trying to provide what is needed, a basis sex education."

One of the women assistants said that sex therapy was necessary for many men who need help with sexual dysfunctions.

Vice squad officers had filed prostitution charges against Ms. Desmond and six staff members following a May 8 raid on the mansion.



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



ROSIE ROTTEN CROTCH

JAWS

Last summer's terrifying hit movie about a rampaging shark has stirred new concern for another threat to unwary skinny-dippers and fishermen—the dread "Pink Snapper" barracuda. The gustatory tastes of the Pink Snapper should be obvious from the accompanying photograph, snapped at the exact instant that an oceanographic researcher sacrificed his life by exposing himself in barracuda infested waters. The snapper's ability to leap out of the water in snagging his prey spells doom for

surf casters who enjoy taking an early morning leak in the pounding breakers. A moment of carelessness, and zap—you're singing soprano! The snapper haunts the temperate waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, where meteoric sales of decoy dildos have been reported, of late.

The saga of the Pink Snapper and other fishy sex scenes are related in Mammoth Films' new release, "Fireworks Woman," which should be playing in an X-rated movie palace near you right about now.

If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. 

SEX PLAY



The Unique Thrills Of Threesomes

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the seventh part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Farr

"... have you had sex with two women, or with a woman and another man, or are you still a virgin?"

Last year Sandy and Harriet, who are married, flew to Paris on a charter flight for a party for Mick Jagger. Red, a drug-crazed bisexual Amazon and good friend of theirs, went with them. The hotel manager thought it was all so charming — a room for three with a large double bed. A *menage a trois*. Service was impeccable, the attendants bringing the finest of meals, the maids waiting until late in the day to change the bedding. Imagine yourself in Sandy's place, as he related events to me later.

"I was the last to wash up," he said. "I had hand gently on Harriet's breast as she to go downstairs and get some money came."

changed. When I came out of the bathroom, Harriet and Red were in bed together. They must have been at it for quite a while, because by the time I got there, Red had Harriet's legs up and was making her come with her talented tongue. It's Harriet's favorite way of coming. Red's behind was pointed up in the air because she was kneeling down on the bed. Her hips are trim and narrow and the red hair between her legs is very fine. I could see her asshole and her genitals sticking out from behind. It was all very tempting, but I resisted, not wanting to disturb them before Harriet was finished coming. I lay down next to them and put one

"After Harriet came, we all lay together for a while, half dozing. I awoke to find Red playing with my cock. It was only slightly stiff, and she was circling one finger around it, around and around. Harriet was resting her head on my chest. As I watched what Red was doing, I became stiffer until I had a full hard-on. Red then lay back on the bed, opened her thighs, and indicated that she wanted me to come into her."

"I eased out from under Harriet and slid into Red's warm pussy. Our commotion fully awakened Harriet, and she shifted on the bed so that she could watch between our legs. She ran one hand lightly over my

behind, played a finger around my asshole, and then ran it around my balls. I could feel her fingers circling my cock so that it ran through Harriet's fingers at the same time it was going into Red. Harriet then ran her fingers over Red's opened thighs.

"Harriet got off of the bed. She must have gone to get some lubricating jelly, because when she came back, she eased one finger deep into Red's ass. With my cock, I could feel her finger inside Red's asshole through the thin membrane separating the two orifices. She was moving it in rhythm to our fucking, and Red was starting to come. Red had built up a lot of tension from the trip and had been greatly aroused by making love to Harriet even before we had started, so her orgasm was a great release to her. I could feel her entire bottom coming loose and opening up. Red is quiet when she comes, but you can sure feel it. She just gives way inside. A couple of spasms and then everything melts. It's great for her, because it really releases everything. She is so soft and relaxed after she comes, lying with a cheek against the pillow, her red hair spilled back, and a slight smile curving her lips.

"I didn't come in Red. She likes it when I do, but it's not that important one way or the other. Harriet really does want me to come in her, so when we are all together, I usually save my orgasm for Harriet. We all fell asleep for several hours, exhausted from the trip. When I awoke later in the night, I had an aching erection from not having come earlier. Red was on her back, her legs still slightly parted from our earlier love making. Harriet was lying against her, one leg between Red's open legs, and her behind turned slightly upward.

"I cupped my hand against Harriet's behind and worked one finger between the lips of her cunt, pushing the tip forward rather than up, so that it would reach her clitoris. Harriet woke up as I stimulated her, and pushed her behind back to meet my hand. She began to lubricate and became very wet inside. I moved around so that I could come into her from behind, arching my body over her back. She held tightly to Red as I started to pound into her, alternately bringing her behind up to meet me, and pressing it down against Red's thigh. Red was fully awake now, and holding Harriet tightly as I pounded into her. Harriet came as I came, pinned between Red and me. We all fell back to sleep and were awakened by breakfast. Croissants, whipped butter, *cafe au lait*, and one more quickie in bed before we all set off to go shopping. The party for Jagger that night was great, but the three of us were thinking more about what we would be up to when we got back to our hotel room."

If you haven't been to bed with two

women—or with a woman and another man for that matter—you might think of yourself as a virgin, possessing an innocence which has yet to be overcome. Under the right circumstances, overcoming that innocence can be a delight to rival or even surpass the loss of your original virginity.

Threesomes have a lot to offer in terms of sexual pleasure. The ego position of "this is me" into which we are so often tied in one-on-one sex is more easily overcome in three-way loveplay. A free-floating experience of nirvana—pure pleasure—becomes possible. You can relax and feel the various hands pleasuring you. The possibilities for variety in a threesome are also quite obvious.

Once you and your wife or girl friend have agreed to try a threesome, the first step is the selection of the right "second woman." Of course, it has to be someone who turns

were among the most pleasant ever. I would go over to Red's after work. While we were in bed, my wife would call to see if that's where I was. "Don't do anything until I get there," she would say on the phone. "I'm coming right over."

Most men find it a bigger step to accept another man in bed with themselves and their wife or girlfriend. Not only do you have to deal with jealousy and possessiveness, but also with bisexuality.

When Harriet was away doing work in California, Sandy would come over and spend the night with me and my wife. The first time he spent the night, he was reluctantly bedding down on the couch in our bedroom. My wife noticed his reluctance and asked what was the matter.

"I want to sleep over there," he said, pointing to our bed. He did. Sandy and I didn't get involved with each other, but we both enjoyed making love to my wife. A large part of a man's pleasure in lovemaking is enjoying the woman's pleasure. If you can really get into the idea of giving a woman pleasure, sex with a woman and a second man is a great way to do it. It is an experience which mixes reality and fantasy. I was in bed only once with Sandy and Harriet, but that was all she needed to have one of us in her cunt and one in her ass. It was a perfect cliche—a "sandwich"—and we all rolled over laughing when it was over.

A threesome with another man is a perfect opportunity to do everything for a woman she ever wanted. Non-stop fucking, one after the other, until she has come as many times as she wants. Two people massage every part of her body, one rests while the other continues, on and on. And when it's over, she can go to sleep between two men, comfortable and secure between loving bodies.

Apart from the enjoyment you can get out of a threesome with another man, your biggest reward will be a happy woman. When a woman is made love to, really fully and lovingly fucked, she is infinitely easier to live with, all the more so when the fucking is by two men. She will become more tolerant of your faults, more comfortable about your having sex with other women, and more willing to have threesomes with another woman.

If you are like me, you will prefer sex in bed with one woman alone most of the time. A threesome is something special, a dessert of fine pastry which is good because it is rare. When I am having sex with another woman, I sometimes wonder what it would be like to have sex with her and my wife, or her and one of her friends. I tell her about it and the seed is planted. Sooner or later something is likely to be arranged. 

Once in bed, you are faced with the task of keeping two women happy.

you on, but more importantly, it has to be someone who does not turn your wife off. Once selected, a casual invitation over for drinks or dinner or whatever will do for a start. As you begin to feel comfortable together, you can make some subtle advances. Be sure that your wife sees what you are up to, so the second woman does not feel that something is going on behind your wife's back. If your wife is continually supportive of your advances, they should work out well, all the way into bed.

Once in bed, you are faced with the difficult task of keeping two women happy. On the one hand, you must not let the second woman feel used, while on the other hand, you must not let your wife feel left out. It's a delicate balance. If all goes well, you might find that you have a new regular companion. Before Red went to Paris with Sandy and Harriet, she had spent several months with me and my wife. We went everywhere together, and those months

X-Rated Reviews

HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on the quality-for-your-money basis. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore.

Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERCTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you use a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

MOVIES

by Tim Beckley

ORIENTAL BLUE



Don't be misled by the title. *Oriental Blue* is not a Kung Fu movie. Indeed, all the

thrashing about on the screen is accomplished with steel-hard cocks and not open hands.

Madame Blue is a procurer of unusual talent. The slant-eyed lady peddles tender female flesh to rich Arabian sheiks and African kings. Her supply of ladies seems endless. Relentlessly she, herself, tutors the girls in the erotic arts.

Shot in the crowded streets of New York's Chinatown, *Oriental Blue* maintains a fast pace throughout. The cinematography is masterful, with ample crotch shots and come sequences — more than enough to keep even the horniest theatergoer twisting in his seat. An easy choice for Hustler's Movie of the Month!

Max, a representative of the World Bordello Association, arrives at the basement headquarters of the madame. In his hand he carries a peculiar list. It is a list of girls being sought by his organization, a society of millionaires with branches in many foreign ports. "We need a black girl who is into lesbian scenes, a French chick who can handle two guys at the same time, and a big-bosomed blonde who digs abuse for the Congo — I mean someone who really gets turned on by being punished." Madame Blue responds to Max's request with a grin. For the right financial remunera-

tion, she will provide the slave-trader with all that he requires.

A limousine cruises down a lonely back street. A young golden-haired girl is dragged into the back seat of the automobile, where she is drugged and knocked unconscious. Later, coming to, she finds herself in an odd setting — an underground chamber. A young man, dressed in a tight-fitting T-shirt, approaches her prone body with a goblet. "Drink this," he insists. "You will feel much better." The canister contains a powerful sex-potion. The girl drinks the liquid down rapidly, thinking it is medicine. "That will turn the little kitten into a tigress," Madame Blue announces, as she and Max watch the scene unfold through a concealed opening in the chamber's wall. In a matter of seconds, the love-potion begins to produce a noticeable effect. The girl begins to twist on the bed, complaining of the heat. She is told to get comfortable, and though she has never done anything like it before, starts to remove her clothes in the presence of a total stranger.

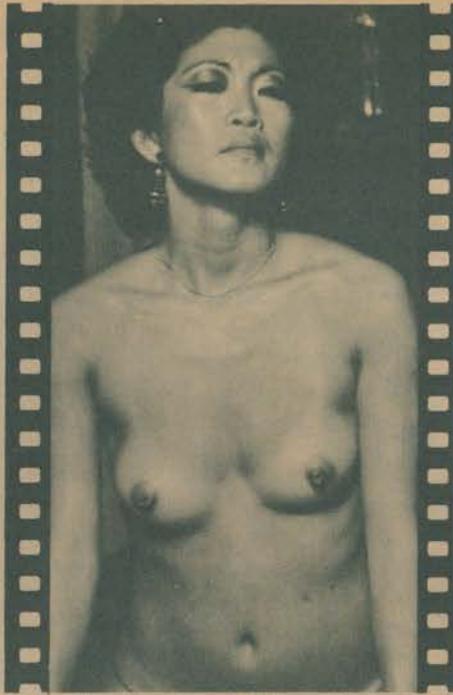
Bending over the naked form, our hairy stud begins kissing the pulsating anatomy of the kidnap victim. He produces a long black object, a dildo. At first the frightened girl does not understand its purpose. But as

the seconds tick away, and her groin bubbles over with desire, she knows that she must cram something — anything — up her tunnel of love. She strokes the make-believe hard-on, taking it into her trembling hands. Her assailant shows her what she must do to obtain release — move the object up and down over the now-soaked lips of her vagina. "I want you to put it inside me — fuck me now!" the abducted girl cries. The stud insists she suck his cock first. "Make her squirm!" Madame Blue barks, as she enters the hidden room. The Chinese whoremonger proceeds to squat on the girl's face. She mashes her cunt into the damsel's mouth. "Please! I've never done anything like this before!" "You will, now!" the Madame responds. With this, the scene fades. When the camera lens is brought back into focus, we see the thoroughly passive girl on the floor, at the side of her mistress. "You are my little whore, and you will do as I say!" Madame Blue demands that the girl lick her feet. "Yes, I am your total slave," comes the weak reply, as the young miss starts to administer her tongue in between the madame's toes.

Finding a lovely Negress is no problem for the aggressive flesh-peddler. Madame Blue sends Rocky, one of her male cohorts, out into the night to accomplish the task. The handsome six-footer comes across a topless dancer who fits the requirements. Turning on the charm, he suggests they return to his apartment for a friendly "drink." The bright red beverage which Rocky serves the ebony-skinned tart is a mixture of Chinese herbs and good old Spanish fly. Before you can say, "Jack the Ripper was a pervert," the dancer has shed her clothes, and is doing a sensuous bump and grind. Little does she know that Madame Blue is about to walk in on their fun. Just as the black girl shouts, "Come on, Rocky, I want to get banged!" the vamp of the underworld strolls through the door, dropping her clothes on the way to the bed. They proceed to twist the girl into all manner of obscene positions. Another hunk of human flesh has been secured!

Of course, Good triumphs in the end. Madame Blue is finally killed by her accomplice, Brock, played so very well by veteran porno star Jamie Gillis. The two slave-traders feud over a lovely girl (Bree Anthony), whom Brock refuses to release. He has fallen in love with the homeless waif, and does not want to see her abused in the dastardly hands of Madame Blue, whom he has always considered a tyrant and a bitch.

If you're looking for real heavy action, and want to feast your bulging eyes on a wide variety of girls, *Oriental Blue* is for you. Its cast of characters, photographic excellence and sexual explicitness should more than compensate for the few spots



where the film drags. This movie is much superior to *China Girl* and the other string of "oriental" flicks currently making the X-rated rounds. *Sayonara!*

A DIRTY WESTERN

Set in 1890, *A Dirty Western* is an explicit erotic effort — one of violent rape and sodomy. The film opens with three dusty riders on horseback. Led by a scurvy one-eyed bandit named Luke, the trio have just escaped from jail and are trying to elude the authorities, who are on their tail. Their thirst for freedom is only surpassed by their lust for women. Having been behind prison walls for many long and pussyless years, they are prepared to set upon the first females they see.

With saliva dripping from their parched lips, and eyes bulging from their grimy, bearded faces, the fugitives soon spot three young girls, teenagers, bathing in a shallow swimming hole. It is immediately decided that these lovelies will be victimized.

Water rolling from their supple bodies, Lois, Maria and Nancy head for their home, a secluded ranch, unaware they are being spied upon. The girls go into the barn to dress, while the convicts stake out the

place to make certain no men are around. They don't plan to have their entertainment interrupted by any intruders.

Sarah, the girls' mother, is surprised at gun-point in the kitchen of the main house. Luke warns her to remain quiet and do as she's instructed. Pushing the attractive woman — played by Barbara Bourbon — onto a wooden table, Luke forces his dirty prick into her. Though she is paralyzed with fear, Sarah realizes she is powerless to resist, and offers herself in the hope the men will then go away. They do not!

All the other gal-folk are lined up in the barn. Seeing that their fate is sealed, Sarah offers the criminals anything they want in order to protect her virginal daughters. They laugh, knowing that they will have their way, no matter what. Ned and Barney, Luke's side-kicks, force the crying woman to get down on her hands and knees. One of the gang takes her on, doggy-style, while the other comes on her face and in her hair. The girls huddle together in a corner, frightened over what is taking place.

Satisfied for the moment, the intruders take to the hills. The girls are brought along to serve as hostages. Before they leave, however, Sarah's hands are bound and her mouth gagged. The perverted convicts then hoist her high into the air on a rope tied under her arms, where she will dangle until someone comes along and cuts her down.

The sheriff and his deputies arrive on the scene hours later. After releasing Sarah from bondage, they take off in pursuit of their prey. A long and weary chase unfolds.

Continuing on their fateful journey, the escapees drag the girls to a cave situated high on the side of a mountain. Here Maria, the youngest of Sarah's daughters, loses her virginity to the crazed Luke. He puts a sock in her mouth in order to keep her from screaming. A real gangbang follows, with the convicts swapping partners.

Nancy overhears Luke exclaim to Ned and Barney that they will knock themselves out if they keep fucking much longer. In a last-ditch effort to escape, Nancy tells her two sisters what they must do in order to get away. They devise a clever scheme to turn the convicts on. The nymphs stage a lesbian threesome. They lick each other's pussies (they even seem to enjoy it), going to any extreme to get the three dirty desperadoes aroused.

An orgy follows, with sixty-nine and butt-fucking predominating. Finally, everyone is senseless — really exhausted. The men can hardly keep their eyes open. One by one, they pass out. At this point the sheriff arrives, accompanied by Sarah who insisted earlier that she be allowed to come along: "After all they are my flesh and blood!" There is an exchange of gunfire. Luke is hit with one of the slugs. Sarah sees

THE PHILOSOPHER

Yes, they are mistaken, because they do not know. And if they knew ... Nothing. They would not even be mistaken.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

her chance to take revenge for the brutal rape that Luke put her through. She picks up a shotgun and blows his head off.

"Little House on the Prairie," or "Bonanza," this movie isn't! View at your own risk. Bang! Bang!

WHEN A WOMAN CALLS

Michael (Jamie Gillis) and Peggy (Bree Anthony) are getting a divorce. Though they are young and were once very much in love, the "magic" is gone from their relationship.

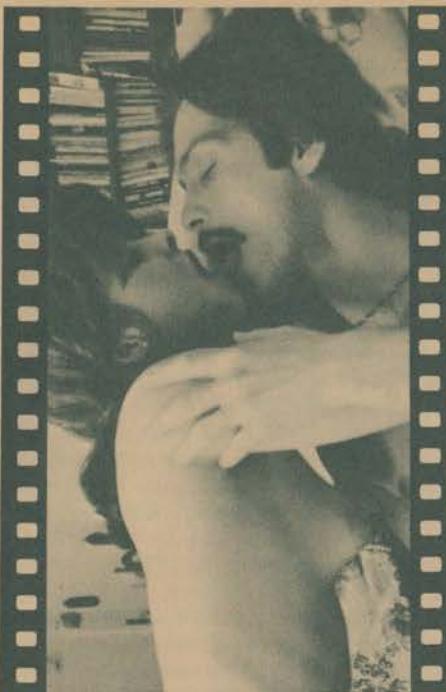
As the final legal papers are signed, Michael prepares to leave the New York apartment which he shared with his wife for five years. They part with as few words for each other as possible. Peggy watches her former spouse hail a cab; the tough exterior she presents to the outside world is fake. Deep down, there is sorrow in her heart.

Relaxing in an easy chair, the chestnut-haired starlet begins to reminisce, recalling the day she first met Michael, and their initial sexual encounters. Peggy's hands wander to the area of her spread crotch, as she dwells on her ex-husband's stiff cock, that lollipop of joy that she got so used to lapping and sucking on. The attractive beauty can't help but play with her clit, fingers sloshing up vital love secretions. "We just couldn't get enough of each other," she muses. "Michael wanted to make love to me in every nook and cranny of our home." Flashbacks are shown of the love birds climaxing on the stereo, in the hallway and even over the breakfast table. Michael fucks Peggy as she bends over, her head in a bowl of strawberries. Kinky!

Once separated, Michael goes his own way. He decides to spend some time with his brother, Scott who resides in Hollywood. "You'll really dig it out here," he's told. "The girls are all sex-starved divorcees!"

Arriving at Scott's mountain-top hideaway, our star is introduced to a hot-blooded duo, Phyllis and Viva. They pair off. Scott and Phyllis go into the bedroom, while Michael is left with Viva on the couch. Soon they hear the sounds of carnal knowledge spewing forth from the next room. "I love to hear the sound of fucking," the luscious Viva explains to our hero. "It gets me so horny!" After Scott leaves for the office, both gals give Michael a treat. They go down on his dick, making him shoot a huge wad of male sex-cream.

Meanwhile, back in Manhattan, Peggy discusses her breakup with an old girlfriend. She explains how she can't help but feel lonely, not having a fellow inside of her. "A vibrator comes in handy when you don't have a man," her friend explains, as she slides a 7-inch make-believe cock into her own deep gash. Peggy, after a bit of



coaxing, decides to "get with it," and lowers her panties. Soon she's in seventh heaven, the buzzing fuck-stick plunged into her up to the hilt.

The handwriting is on the wall. Peggy begins to date. A tall, muscular man in his mid-twenties takes her out on the town. They go back to his pad for cocktails. He plies her with drinks. Peggy plays hard-to-get, rejecting his advances. The playboy announces, "I'm married, but my wife is frigid — her ass is even cold! But you gave me a real hard-on."

Peggy's mind, cloudy from the liquor, cannot help but enjoy the sensation of his rough hands on her blouse. He strokes her tits, plucking at the hardened nipples.

Soon the determined cocksman winds his fingers into Peggy's steaming juice-bar. Michael's ex-wife is being turned inside out. She decides to make up for lost time, sucking and fucking in a multitude of diverse positions. She even takes up swinging, fucking with another couple in the same bed. The princess is now man-crazy, stuffing herself with all manner of masculine organs, in a gluttonous effort to be satisfied.

Before too long, however, Michael has had enough of California. "The chicks out here are costing me a bundle," he com-

plains. A well-endowed exotic dancer he has picked up balls Michael backstage in between sets. He spanks her as she bends over a couch, her firm ass in the air, her legs widely separated. After they orgasm, she demands a new dress for a party that night. Reluctantly, he gives in to her request.

But that's not all. That evening at the party, wearing her revealing gown, she tells Michael that she just *has* to have a puka-shell necklace. Michael at first, refuses, but the wench is adamant, and threatens to bring charges of rape against him via her brother, who is a crooked policeman.

As might be expected, the wayward couple eventually reunite. They have gotten their fill of sex, and realize that together they had the best lovelife.

When A Woman Calls will never win an Oscar, but it does rank pretty highly, providing viewers with 75 minutes of hardcore action. The sex is explicit, the photography lush. Plenty of variety, also, with a dozen goodlooking babes flaunting their lush tushies for the camera. The best role has to be that of Peggy, played by Bree Anthony, an up-and-coming glamour queen. Her portrayal of a sweet, innocent, all-American girl is worthy of merit. Guys who find themselves eyeing the cutie next door will come away with more than a twitch in their pants.

PRESIDENTIAL PEEPERS

Talk about trying to make a quick buck! Some people have no sense of art — pornographic or otherwise. The producers of this disaster should go back to robbing banks and ripping off gas stations, where they will do less damage. This film had to have been produced by someone as retarded as a bank president or legislator — a guy who's never fucked in his whole life.

From the title, you'd think this motion picture was supposed to be a spoof of the Nixon administration. If it is, someone has a warped sense of humor. *Presidential Peepers* was meant to be a camp look at fornication in the nation's capital. Mimic Richard M. Nixon portrays our former leader, but even his attempt to be witty falls short of the mark. I suppose now that Nixon isn't around any more, Nixon's employment situation must be pretty bad. Certainly this is his last stop before the poorhouse.

Not only is the sex minimal, but the camera work is pure amateurish. The film is so out of focus in spots that I thought I was developing cataract trouble. Theaters who insist on projecting this dog should employ an eye doctor for their patrons.

Watergate was better!

THE PHILOSOPHER

Man talks about everything, and he talks about everything as though the understanding of everything were all inside him.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

BOOKS

by A. Roused Reader

NORTH DALLAS FORTY

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

NORTH DALLAS FORTY BY PETER GENT



by Peter Gent
Signet #451
\$1.95

With the nation totally immersed in the National Football League wars, A. Roused (himself a faithful fan of the Detroit Lions) thought it would be appropriate to take a look at one of those loosely literary works based on an ex-gridiron's day in the play-for-pay world of pro athletics. Peter Gent, a relatively unmemorable receiver for the Dallas Cowboys in the 1960's, will now also be a relatively unmemorable author in the minds of most who read his thinly disguised account of what it was like (with numerous social comments) to rub helmets and jockstraps with little men who aspire to be big boys. While his descriptions of football action will cause some hardening of your football cleats, his off-the-field, off-color adventures and recollections couldn't get a rise out of a convict. His work (literally) is blessed with such lines as "I'd eat a mile of her shit just to get within an inch of her asshole," and "I don't like eatin' with nigras at all, but I sure do like to suck their cocks." There is also, on page 175, for some supremely meaningful (but only to the author) reason, a graphically senseless relating of a calf castration. Admittedly "North Dallas Forty" has no balls, but just reading it was proof enough.

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR A NOVEL JUDITH ROSSNER



by Judith Rossner
Simon and Schuster
\$7.95 (hardbound)

A. Roused rarely rambles through the rarefied hardbound section of his local "beat-off"

bookstore, preferring instead to stay in the more economical, less pretentious (and usually dirtier) paperback area. However, the racy Mr. Reader has never been one to turn down either a free fuck or a free book, and when presented with a copy of "Looking For Mr. Goodbar," A.R.R. was delighted to discover it was almost like getting both for the price of none. Ms. Rossner's nicely naughty novel is loaded with short solid sex scenes capable of constricting the crotches of even the most jaded readers. Her humanely humorous (but be forewarned, this is a savage and adverse little tale) heroine, Terry Dunn, is a teacher by day and a sleepabout by night. The book begins with Terry paying the ultimate price for her Jerkoff-and-Hide lifestyle and ends in the same manner, although slightly more detailed for arousal's sake. Ms. Rossner, who writes somewhere between Salinger and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, opens Terry up so widely and vulnerably that even an eunuch would be able to take advantage of her. The most touching part of the book is Terry's relationship with Martin Engle, a teacher who does most of his educating in a prone position. Though not interested in moralizing, A. Roused feels that Ms. Rossner judges Terry a bit too cruelly and has written the book in what could be called "consenting self-contempt." No matter, it's damn good anyway.

TEACHER JANE'S PICNIC



A. Roused Books
FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY—See to Your Parents

by Curt Aldrich
Bristol Books #152
\$2.25

Although Curt Aldrich is an old pro at pubic prose, his latest beat-off book really isn't much of a "Picnic" for those readers who like to hang on to their paperbacks with one hand. Jane Kelly, a Junior High history teacher with a preference for copulating current events, decides that it is time to take her class on an outing at which she will be the main course. Her students, the usual pack of puberty pussies and pricks, are more than pleased that instead of cracking open a book, they can study the various cracks of their teacher. Lots of sex ensues, but little if any of it

THE PHILOSOPHER

I have scarcely touched the clay and I am made of it.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

outclasses the meal. Jane spends all of her time on her back, stomach, knees, or for variety, standing up, giving (and receiving) satisfaction from her anxious army. The problem here is that one sex scene sounds, smells and sweats just like the one before and after it. One feels that Aldrich was also out to lunch when he beat out this effort. I was attracted to the book because of the artwork on its cover. After some minute investigation (a call to the publishers), I was told that the fellow who drew it is named Eddie Meyers. I also discovered that Mr. Meyers goes by the nickname, "Fast Eddie." Whether that nickname speaks for his activities in bed or behind a drawing table, I decided not to investigate. I like his cover, and wouldn't mind seeing some more of his work. His type of artwork proves my theory that you can package crap in cellophane and sell it under the title of "manure."

AUNTIE'S FORBIDDEN AFFAIR



by S. Fernando
Dorchester Library
#116
\$2.25

Aunt Alice is the type of relative most of us would gladly trade our mothers for. From page one of this bountiful beat-off book, active Alice starts socking it to her willing nephew, George. The author's style—suck it up, stick it in, stab it around and shoot it off—doesn't give the reader many chances to think about plot structure. But then, I don't think that that was his intention. The orgasms cum (note the subtle spelling) at a rate that makes one suspect the book is about the sexual relationships of rabbits rather than humans. Alice keeps trying to wear down George's randy wand, and George seems intent on seeing just how long it will take before Auntie closes her legs, her mouth and her buttocks. This is a study (but not really in-depth) in sexual endurance, and when Harry (Alice's husband) and Kathy (the hungry neighbor) show up, the erotic antics are more than can be contained in the reader's two hands. S. Fernando's ability to create such a sweating display of pubic playing suggests that the man should be admired for his digital dexterity, and I'm talking about the digits on his feet. When A. Roused writes wicked words, he has to stop once-in-a-while to refresh his memory and to relieve his frustration. Considering the rate of erections created and deflated in (and around) "Auntie's Forbidden Affair," Fernando must have had his hands full from paragraph one. Therefore the man should be applauded for typing out his masturbation manuscript with his toes.

SEX BITS

MEXICO CITY (HNS) — Looking at the macho sexist world in Mexico today, one would never guess that Mexico City is host to what could turn out to be the beginning of the downfall of men as the predominant sex.

At the summer meeting of the International Women's Year Conference, there was only one thing the hundreds of female delegates agreed upon—a woman's absolute right to control the reproductive functions of her own body.

The women at the conference made it known in no uncertain terms that they want their governments to stop making laws that control what they can and cannot do with their own bodies.

Futurists have predicted that this is the kind of social revolution that does not have to be legislated—that it will happen on its own despite laws, once the process begins. As women become better educated and more independent, they automatically assume more and more control over their sexual activities, the futurists point out.

The combination of increasing female independence and new legislation that guarantees women equality with men will inevitably lead to the day—in the not too distant future—when women will assert their natural sexual prowess and be "more equal" than men.

Some feminist leaders say that only after women become the undisputed predominant sex will there be peace in the world.

STANFORD (HNS) — You've heard about the contribution waterbeds make to the art of sex. Stanford University researchers now say that waterbeds also benefit newborn infants. Anneliese F. Karner and her colleagues at Stanford, working on the premise that movement is more important to the newly born baby than touch and body contact, theorized that waterbeds would be especially beneficial to prematurely born infants deprived of movement in the fluid-filled womb.

The team constructed miniature

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

waterbeds and placed premature infants on them for a week. Their conclusion: Waterbeds helped the babies feel more secure and also helped some of them recover from mild breathing problems.

With more and more adults switching to waterbeds for sex and sleeping, along with this new development, the solid, mattress-spring bed may be on its way out.

NEW DELHI (HNS) — A "use now, pay later" system of distributing sexual contraceptives to millions of poor and uneducated households is attracting attention in various Asian countries.

The system, pioneered in Japan's Toyama Prefecture over 300 years ago, consists of medicine salesmen calling on homes and leaving a kit stocked with different drugs and herbs, along with information concerning their use. On their next trip around, usually six months or so later, the salesmen collect payment only for the preparations that have been used.

Some Asian countries with serious population problems began to show an interest in this old and still very successful Japanese system after their efforts with other methods—including clinics passing out free pills, condoms and intrauterine devices—failed to achieve significant results.

Advocates of the Japanese system point

out that a salesman calls on every household in his territory, and thus every married couple is reached. Even if they don't reduce their sexual fertility by using the contraceptives, they at least learn something about health care, the system's promoters say.

BERKELEY (HNS) — What is wrong with sex, at least in most of the western world today? If you ask Richard Register, he would likely say that most of us are simply "out of touch" with sex, and therefore miss as much as 90 percent of the pleasure that should accompany sexual activity. Richard Register is a sculptor and author of the new book, *Another Beginning*, in which he "reminds" the reader of some startling facts. Most of us are conditioned to give sight the highest rank among the senses. Sight may be the most important in an immediate, general sense, but the "master sense," says Register, is touch (feeling). All other senses, he adds, are a differentiation of touch. "Our earliest pre- and post-natal awareness came to us via touch, and on our deathbeds, with eyes closing and darkness failing, touch is the place through which we shall all pass on our way to that deep unknown," Register explains.

Register maintains that we have cut ourselves off from the full use and enjoyment of our bodies by reducing touch to a now and then thing and substituting symbols for "feeling" of life. The most common symbols, of course, are "words." In Register's system, touch is the most powerful of all the human senses, and through touch alone one can achieve incredible highs that are literally out of this world. He says we are conditioned to repress our sense of touch, to dull and blunt it, and to avoid using it in all areas of our lives. If, on the other hand, we recognize the importance and value of our sense of touch, train and enhance its development, we will be "in touch" with each other, our environment, the earth and the universe in a way that now only "sensitives" (and those high

on hallucinogens) are able to enjoy, says Register.

Each sexual encounter would then be an experience beyond the imagination of the ordinary person. Psychedelic lights would flash, and the music of the universe would resound through our bodies.

CHICAGO (HNS) — Some time in the near future, hundreds of adults across the land may be attending rehearsals on how to talk about sex to children and adolescents, particularly their own. Recognizing that most parents cannot discuss sex with their children, Southern Illinois University psychologist, H. Richard Miller has developed a program to help parents, doctors and educators overcome their own sexual hangups.

In the program, five couples, directed by a trained leader, begin by talking to each other about their own sex organs and how they function. The next step—and the key one—is role-playing. The participants take turns acting as parents and children, with the "children" asking all the sex questions children naturally are interested in. The "parents" thus are helped to respond appropriately.

Among the questions the "children" ask their parents: Where do babies come from? How do they get there? Did you and Dad have sexual intercourse before you were married? Do you engage in fellatio and cunnilingus? When can we start having sex? Miller said that unlike the more traditional sex education courses, consisting of lectures, films and discussions, which generally do not help anybody talk sensibly and openly about sex, his method of using "rehearsals" works.

He added that until adults can learn to talk openly and uncritically about sex, children will continue to misunderstand and fear it.

SEATTLE (HNS) — Urinary tract infections that are not caused by gonorrhea bacteria are very common among sexually active men and have long mystified medical authorities. Determined to find the cause of the infection, King K. Holmes and a team at the U.S. Public Health Service in Seattle tested 116 men with urethral discharge but no gonorrhea, 72 men with gonorrhea, and 178 men with neither complaint.

They recovered the bacteria, Chlamydia trachomatis, from 42 percent of the men with "non-specific" urinary infections, from only 19 percent of those with gonorrhea, and from only seven percent of those with no evidence of any infection. Holmes and his co-workers then examined 22 women who were having sex with partners infected

SEX BITS

with C. trachomatis and recovered the bacteria from 15 of them.

The team reported that the bacteria appeared to be easily transmitted between sex partners, and that if one sex partner is infected, both should undergo treatment with antibiotics.

PHILADELPHIA (HNS) — Pregnant women who do not want to give birth will continue to have abortions despite the attitude and activities of the Church and right-to-life advocates, because most women feel better after the abortion—not worse. This is the judgement of University of Pennsylvania Drs. Douglas Jacobs, Celso-Ramon Garcia, Karl Rickels and Robert W. Prenzel, after they conducted a series of pre- and post-abortion evaluations of 43 unmarried women.

Sixty percent of the women said they felt relieved and better after their abortions, 28 percent said they felt neither good nor bad, and only 12 percent said they felt worse. Over 75 percent of the women said they had no guilt feelings following abortion. Other results of the evaluation: 81 percent of the women said the abortion had no adverse effect on their attitude toward sex; 98 percent said it would not affect their getting married; and 95 percent said it would not affect their having children later.

On the negative side, 35 percent of the women said they definitely would not have another abortion. This prompted the medical team to note that the goal should be to prevent unwanted pregnancies in the first place.

SAIGON (HNS) — Sex has not been outlawed in this once sensual center of Asia

but it has been put into a strait-laced shroud that the most pious missionary could not find fault with. The sensuous ao-dai costume, long worn by Vietnamese girls and women, is gone—replaced by nondescript "pajamas" and pants. The discotheques and pleasure bars have been closed or turned into restaurants. The beautiful, conspicuously groomed women who staffed the sex bars—rounded up and reindoctrinated by the Communist rulers—have been released and are now indistinguishable from the rest of the populace.

The most startling change in Saigon, however, is the almost complete absence of the hundreds of thousands of motorcycles and cars that clogged the streets and belched blue-black smoke into the air during the latter years of the American Period. Now only ministers and high military officers use cars in Saigon. The others walk or ride bicycles. This revolutionary step back into the past was accomplished in just a few days by the simple expedient of closing all gasoline stations.

The ruling clique so far has not exercised the option of power to live high and take mistresses. They have moved into the plush villas and modern hotel rooms but they have turned the air conditioning off.

French residents of Saigon say it will probably be two or three years before the Communists feel secure enough to allow sex out from behind closed doors.

NEW YORK (HNS) — For those who are fascinated by the relationship between sex and status, a new book by Doris and David Jonas provides some interesting insights.

Henry Kissinger is often quoted as observing that power is the ultimate aphrodisiac. The Jonas' — one a psychiatrist and the other an anthropologist — point out that money and fame are also pretty good inducements for inducing "groupie-type" people to jump into bed almost indiscriminately. Appropriately titled *Sex and Status* (Stein and Day), the Jonas' book notes that throughout the animal kingdom it is the most physically powerful male or female that is usually on top of the sex pole.

They add, however, that among humans, status is often hard to define, with the result that its sexual connotations may be both confusing and counterproductive.

The book, in something of a contradiction, also brings out that as long as there is competition for the sexual favors of the more desirable partners, there will be losers. And as long as there are losers, there will be depressed, insecure people who cannot fully enjoy sex. 

THE PHILOSOPHER
A door opens to me. I go in and am faced with a hundred closed doors.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

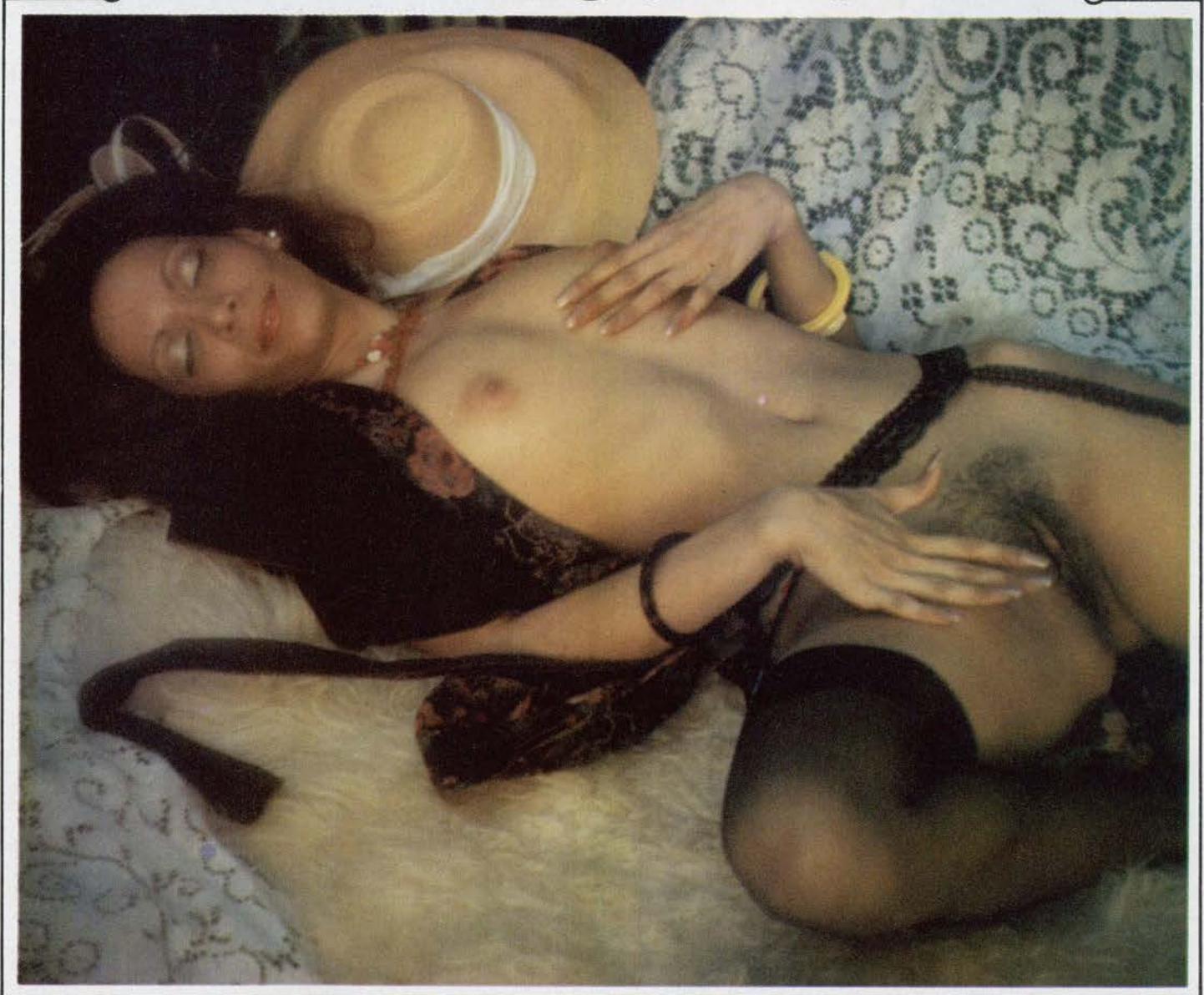
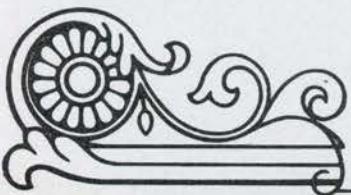
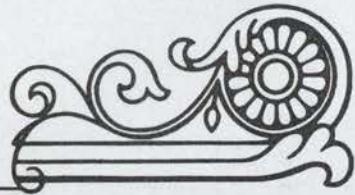


"Boy, I've seen 'em put their heads in a lion's mouth before, but this is really scary!"



mytza

gypsy moth





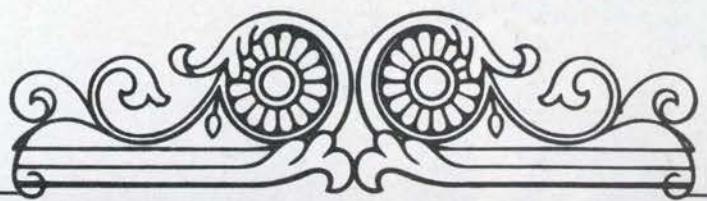
many men think just because I have the gypsy blood, they will have no trouble getting up on top of me. That is not the truth! Many times I have put off fucking just because the man does not suit me.

"The kind of man who gives me thrills has character. He is proud, and tall, and strong. But, most important, he knows when to treat me gentle, and when to be cruel.

"When I meet this kind of man, I show him my pleasure. I lay out the rugs and furs by the fire. I sprinkle special incense into the flames. I pour rich, red wine into golden goblets — and we drink. The wine warms us. The fire warms us. And soon, we are warming each other."









RAPISTS

Fiction by Don Blevins

Janie Collette, on one of her rare free evenings, was enjoying the smell of the gulf breeze blowing in from the south. Her balcony overlooked the Astrodome, and she always enjoyed sitting at night and watching the lights of Houston in the distance. She never tired of this sight and had become what could truly be termed a "big city girl" since moving to Houston last summer.

Looking at her watch, Janie saw that it was almost 8 o'clock. Realizing that she had not eaten dinner, she walked to her small efficiency kitchen.

When she was halfway between the balcony and the kitchen, her doorbell rang. Janie opened the door and saw two men standing in the hallway.

Before she could speak, they pushed the door open, knocking her against the foyer wall. While one of the men secured the door, the other one went from room to room, searching the apartment.

"What do you . . ." Janie started.

"Shut up," the taller man said, brandishing a long, sharp knife in front of her.

"No one's here," said the smaller of the two men.

The man who had spoken first was about six feet tall, with medium long brown hair, broad shoulders, and a pallid face containing two large brown eyes, a large nose, and an even line of teeth.

The other man was almost a duplicate of his companion, except in miniature. He was about the same height as Janie, slender in build, with a smaller nose.

"Lady," the taller man began, "if you scream or yell, this knife will fix it so no man will ever look at you again."

"What . . . what do you want?" Janie asked, a tremor in her voice. She was afraid she already knew the answer.

Ugly, vulgar sneers came across the faces of both men.

"Why, lady, we're just here to have a good time, that's all. Right, Ed?"

The smaller man, never taking his eyes off Janie's body, replied, "Yeah, Jay, just to have a good time."

"You . . . you must be the men I've been

reading about. The ones who attacked all those women."

"You mean the ones the papers are calling rapists? I don't care what word they use. Ed and I are just filling a need."

Jay's voice had a touch of sarcasm in it. As he talked, he still held the knife in his hand. He was looking closely at Janie, eying her breasts, her legs, her face.

"Why, I remember a girl me and Ed got hold of last week. All she could do was ask for more. She didn't even report us to the cops, she enjoyed it so much. I bet if we went back to her apartment right now, she'd welcome us with open arms—and open legs. Ain't that right, Ed?"

"Yeah." Ed had taken a chair directly in front of Janie and was looking first from her bosom to her legs, then back to her breasts. He had hardly noticed her face. He was sitting with his legs apart and Janie noticed a small bulge in his crotch. When Jay walked in front of her, she noticed a large bulge on him.

"Please, don't hurt me. There are plenty of girls who are more than willing . . ."

"You don't understand, lady," Jay interrupted. "You women enjoy it more when it's forced on you. Or, should I say, in you?"

Both of the men laughed at Jay's remarks—laughs of lust and vulgarity.

Jay cupped his hand over Janie's large breast. As she jerked, his right hand brought the cold steel of his knife to her throat.

"Just take it easy, lady. I'd hate to get blood all over my pretty knife, much less your furniture. And I'm sure you wouldn't want anything to happen to that lovely face of yours, would you?"

His voice was menacing—and determined. Janie decided that the best thing she could do was try to calm herself, think straight, and wait for an opportunity to break away and escape.

Jay was kneading her breast, gently, with an experienced hand. Janie tried to stall them, to get their minds and hers away from what was happening, and what was going to happen.

"My . . . my date will be here any minute, and he's a policeman. You had better . . ."

"If anyone shows up at that door, it will be his last visit." Menacing in tone, Jay was not to be stopped. Janie realized that she would be unable to bluff her way out of this.

"Do . . . do both of you . . ."

"Do both of us screw you? No. Only I do that. Ed has another treat in store for you. In fact, his treat is so good that it sometimes makes me jealous. A lot of women like his method better than they do this." Jay pointed at the bulge in his pants, now larger than when she had first noticed it.

"But you'll find out what he does soon enough."

"Turn around, slow, so we can take a good look at you."

Oh, God, she thought. Please, someone stop them! Stop this whole nightmare! Stop these maniacs!

"There, Ed, see? Just like I told you. She has a better build than any of the others. Look at those big tits. That tight little ass. I bet she's a tiger in bed. Are you lady? Are you a tiger in bed?"

Janie's eyes dropped to the floor.

"Ever been screwed before, lady?"

When she didn't answer, Jay brought the knife in front of her again.

"I asked you a question. Have you ever been screwed?"

Janie couldn't speak; she just nodded her head, reluctantly.

"How many times, lady? How many times have men poked it in you?"

When he received no answer, Jay continued. "Ten times? Fifty? More? How many, lady?"

He stepped toward her.

"Yes. Yes. Now, for God's sake why don't you do what you're . . ."

The feel of the knife blade against her cheek choked off the words in her throat.

"We'll do it when we're ready, lady, and not before. And I'll guarantee you that when we do, you'll like it and be ready for more. Now, pull off your blouse."

Janie hesitated only a moment. Seeing the knife, she knew it was better to do as she was told—at least until there was a chance for her to escape.

Janie pulled the blouse over her head

Rapist or no rapist, Janie thought to herself, this man knows what he's doing!

and let it drop to the floor. She immediately saw their eyes widen and a slight panting came from both of them.

She was wearing only a bra, no slip, and the fullness of her breasts revealed that they were nature's gifts.

"Now, the skirt."

Clad only in bra, panties and shoes, Janie presented a picture of beauty and sexiness. Her stomach was flat, she had just a slight arch in her back, and her legs were almost perfectly formed.

She was wearing matching panties and bra, white with a pale border of pink. The panties were sheer and proved to anyone who wanted to know that the honey-blonde hair on her head was natural.

"Kick off your shoes."

Janie felt the deep pile of the shag carpet tickle the bottoms of her feet. At the moment, however, she was in no mood for laughter.

"The panties."

Slowly, as if to prolong the inevitable, she removed the panties and pushed them aside with her foot.

The bulges in the pants of both men grew larger. Ed's eyes were glued to the thick mat of hair at Janie's cleft.

Jay reached out and gently stroked the soft, pliable hair. Then, ever so slowly, he moved his hand behind her, gently brushing across her bare buttock.

Rapist or no rapist, Janie thought to herself, this man is an expert. He knows what he's doing!

Jay was now in front of her, massaging her breast, moving his hand down to her legs and back over her stomach. Suddenly she felt the knife blade between her breasts. There was a jerk and her luscious mounds fell free.

He had cut the bra in two! He hadn't even bothered to unsnap it!

When her breasts were fully exposed, the two men gaped in delight. The nipples, still pinkish in color, were erect. Jay handed his knife to Ed and walked behind her. Putting his arms through hers, he began to softly massage each breast, rubbing his fingers gently and deftly over the nipples. He was pressed against her buttocks and she could feel the hardness between his legs.

Ed rose from his chair and walked toward her. Janie could barely focus through her half-glazed eyes. Despite her terror, despite knowing what was going to happen, Jay's expert love-making was causing her to become aroused.

Ed bent down and began kissing her nipples. At his first touch, she inhaled deeply, and moaned. Jay was still standing behind her, massaging each breast and rubbing his hard core against her. All Janie could do was stand there, her eyes closed, and let them take what liberties they wanted.

Ed's hand, in the meantime, was traveling down her stomach, across the rise of hair, briefly touching the inside of her thighs, and then starting the return trip up her body. He continued sucking, nipping and kissing her nipples; first one, then the other.

Janie was beginning to feel warmer and warmer. Ed's hand moved between her legs and he began a slow, rhythmical rubbing motion. Her moans became more audible now and, despite all she could do to prevent it, her body began to respond to the manipulations.

Still standing, she began a more rapid movement as Jay and Ed increased the tempo of their playing. Ed's tongue flicked across her nipples just as his finger entered her. This action, preceded by so much foreplay, caused her to reach a climax.

If Jay hadn't been holding her, she would have crumpled to the floor. Her legs felt like rubber and, as she made the final swift jerk of her climax, her knees buckled.

Panting, her mouth half open, eyes still closed, her hand groped for the chair beside her.

"Well, lady, how did you like that?" Jay spoke for the first time since they had started working on her.

Janie felt ashamed, dirty. She had had sexual intercourse many times before, but never like this, nor under circumstances such as these.

Jay had taken the knife from Ed, who was wiping his fingers with a handkerchief.

"I asked you a question, lady, how did you like our little game?"

"I . . . I didn't," she replied, not looking at either of them.

Jay laughed. "You're lying. Why, that little ass of yours was moving all over the place.

continued on page 52



The butler did it—with everybody!

FEEDBACK

continued from page 8

A few days ago I paged thru my back issues of your magazine and noted that these past six months of HUSTLER have been far superior to your first six months. Congratulations on your successful attempt to make HUSTLER one of the outstanding monthly books of its kind.

As you seem to appreciate constructive criticism thru your "Feedback" column, I would like to offer the following observations: HONEY HOOKER is a tremendous favorite of mine. Very amusing and A-1 artwork. Photography of your girls is excellent. When one can perfectly see the clitoris, the photographer must be a true pro. Your jokes are far funnier than those of your competition. But please don't offer us anything like "The Girl With The Bubble Gum Pussy" again. A 14 foot run-about boat could be stored inside that cavern.

So long for now. Wish you continued success.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

First, let me congratulate you on the beautiful women shown in your magazine. I love your bare snatch photos as well as the hairy ones. You sure know how to pick them and show them. No other magazine can compare. Glad I am a reader of HUSTLER.

Tina, the "Girl With The Bubble Gum Pussy" in your August issue, has me drooling. This, in my estimation, is real eating. She is really a beautiful girl with a magnificent snatch. How I would like to nibble, bite and suck on such a beautiful piece of meat. First, I would like to give her the most tantalizing massage she could ever enjoy and then a real eating session.

If she cares to partake, she is invited to my table.

An Honest Nibbler
Baltimore, Md.

WATER SPORTSTERS

Several years ago I gave up Playboy for Penthouse—now I have given up Penthouse for HUSTLER.

I've never written to a magazine before, but after I saw how you handled the request for Golden Shower material, I want to say: WELL DONE! I'm sure that most people would be very surprised if they knew how many of us are into "Water Sports."

Nowadays it seems as though S&M and B&D are very common. Pierced genitalia still seems to be rather uncommon. I'm sure that we will one day be fully liberated. At least you folks are making a grand effort on a national scale!

M. Ross
Northfield, Ill.

Don't forget to wear your rubbers.

THANK GOD

The photography in HUSTLER is of superior quality. No one can argue with that. But one thing I find myself compelled to argue with is your

continual criticism of everyone else in the business, especially Bob Guccione.

It seems like every issue of HUSTLER has an editorial criticizing Guccione for plagiarism. I remember when Penthouse took the lead in the men's magazine market by being the first to show pubic hair. Playboy followed and Guccione lambasted Hefner for copying him. Now Guccione is copying HUSTLER which took the lead by showing spread beavers.

At first you commented that Guccione had balls but lacked brains. Several months earlier, Screw magazine had said, "Larry Flynt is all balls but no brains."

When are the Hefner's and the Flynt's and the Guccione's and the Goldstein's going to stop arguing over who discovered pussy? I discovered pussy when I was eight years old, thanks to my governess, and since I am considerably older than you, I seem to have discovered it before you did. And my governess' pussy spread a lot wider than any of the girls I've seen in HUSTLER.

The point I'm trying to make is this: In the July issue of HUSTLER, you accuse Bob Guccione of "imitating HUSTLER's exciting 'Open Pussy' style." It would do well for all those concerned to remember that the Lord God discovered open pussies long before any of us mortals did, and we are all imitations of His divine wisdom. It is God who deserves our thanks and our prayers, not Larry Flynt.

Lyle Pearson
Houston, Texas

It's enough to make you a Believer, isn't it? . . . God may have invented open pussy, but HUSTLER was the first to showcase His divine work in a mass circulation, full-color magazine. As for Al Goldstein saying the same thing about Larry Flynt that Flynt said about Guccione: everybody knows that Goldstein hasn't got balls or brains.

PRE-TEEN FANTASY?

Just a quick note to say I enjoy your magazine enormously. Your open-pussy models are dazzling.

How about some younger snatch? Young teens or perhaps the 11 or 12 year olds. I would really like to see them in a open pussy series. I am sure many other fellows would, also.

Unsigned
Wisconsin

Never in my life have I written to any publication to criticize, compliment or castigate the editors on the material they use. So it is the highest compliments that I extend to you on a great magazine for dirty old men—past, present and future. Your photos of luscious young things are out of this world. The shots of the young chick riding a bicycle in the country were the best I've seen in any magazine. She reminds me of a Christmas toy called "The Incredible Edible!"

I agree with Allen Watkins of Brooklyn—why not photos of chicks reaching the age of puberty? Before the fall of Saigon in South Vietnam, prostitutes of ages ten or twelve were common. Hong Kong, I understand, is similar. Why not send

a photographer and see what he comes up with?

In our society, I read of women who perform fellatio on pre-teen or adolescent boys and no one thinks anything about it, except how lucky the kid is. If a man goes down on an adolescent girl, he is considered some kind of a monster who should be castrated and placed in a dark dungeon. So all we dirty old men can do is look at photos and fantasize.

Name Withheld by Request
Louisiana

It is well known that the "Lolita" fantasy is, and always has been, a popular turn-on among men, and this is why we ran the "Adolescent Fantasy" pictorial. However, we are by no means advocating sex with children. Not only is this illegal but they are physically and mentally not able to handle it. But we will keep our eyes open for young-looking girls who are the legal age of consent.

EDIBLE DATES

First, I am a subscriber of Oui, Players, and Playboy. Until recently I never knew HUSTLER existed (I've been incarcerated 2½ years). Well, not to evade the issue, I must tell you how much I enjoyed this mag—it's beautiful, and your photographers do one hell of a job. Your "Kinky Korner" was right on. You couldn't beat it with a licking-stick. Congratulations.

I would like to have a little more information about HUSTLER. Do you have a calendar? If so, how much? I'll pay the cost to enjoy the best. Hopefully, I should be a subscriber by the third week in August; that's when my money will be right.

Peace.

Ronald Davis

Address Withheld by Request

Yes, we do have a calendar, and it is now on sale throughout the country. Check your local newsstand or order it through this magazine (36 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215). The calendar sells for \$2.00. We hope it makes your "time" pass more pleasantly. 

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My wife and I recently moved into a new house with a swimming pool. As our pool is heated and reasonably secluded from the neighbors, we have gotten into skinny dipping and a bit of sex in the pool with our friends. However, lubrication seems to be quite a problem. The water makes it almost impossible to get it in.

Willie Hampton
Sacramento, Calif.

We know what you mean. Swimming pools definitely present a problem in that regard. "KY" Jelly, otherwise one of the best lubricants, is of little use in swimming pools, since it is water soluble and washes away. Have you tried Vaseline? It is a petroleum jelly and is not water soluble. However, do not use Vaseline with condoms or diaphragms, as it can damage rubber.

Besides keeping jars of Vaseline handy beside the pool, we can also recommend good old saliva in an emergency. The trick is to get your prick and her cunt above the water line long enough for you to get the saliva on your prick and her to follow with her cunt.

Ordinary salad oils like sesame or olive oil work in small quantities, but if you're having an orgy, they tend to make a mess of your nice clean pool water. Happy water games!

I have read your magazine for many months now, but I find your particular area to be most interesting. I think everyone enjoys knowing how the other half lives. And what they eat.

There is one kinky thing that my wife and I enjoy but have never read about anyone else doing it, or even writing and asking if anyone ever heard of it. I never shoot off until my wife has come some 5 or 6 times. She has never gone off with my fucking her, but my tongue brings her off almost immediately. When I am sucking her, she also likes me to have either a finger or thumb in her pussy, wiggling it back and forth. The more she shoots (and she shoots several tablespoons full each time), the more I drink and the hotter I get. Pretty soon, my cock is dripping almost to a steady run, and I can shoot off a half-load without losing my hard-on or desire. I let my juice go on her nipples and the crack of her ass. When I can't stand it any longer, I put it in her cunt and shoot.

I would get a lot hotter and be able to give her more juice if she would let me watch her finger herself, but she refuses. That to me is real sex — watching a girl doing herself.

D.D.
Syracuse, N.Y.

A lot of women find it hard to masturbate in front of someone — even their husband — so this problem requires much patience on your part. As a matter of fact, many people won't indulge in activities for someone else's pleasure — or, if they do, it is with reservations — because they feel enough hasn't been done for them. Also, your

letter doesn't really specify what way you want her to masturbate — fuck herself with her fingers, use a dildo, rub her clit, massage with a vibrator, or what? Possibly she would enjoy doing it one way more than the others.

All this, of course, leads back to the problem of communicating. Try finding out what she really enjoys doing, or try acting out her favorite fantasy, then you might find that she will be more willing to do for you in return.

And, with reference to the fact that she has never gone off while you are fucking her, have her go to her gynecologist to determine whether her problem is medical or psychological. Then... communicate!

My wife has an odor problem in her cunt which she can't seem to resolve. She has been to our family M.D. She douches regularly (twice a day and always before and after sex). We've tried using feminine hygiene sprays, soaking in perfumed bubble baths, and she changes her bikini panties often. At first we thought maybe she was allergic to her underwear, but now she buys the most expensive silky underwear she can find, and it still doesn't help. I like to eat her pussy, but this odor makes it really hard. And I know she thinks I'm losing interest in her. Can you help?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

This is a problem many men and women run into, so don't think that your case is unusual. By using all of those chemical agents — douches, sprays, bath oils, etc. — your wife is doing about everything wrong for her cunt that is possible. Douching should be avoided; it washes away natural vaginal lubricants and the antibodies which fight infections. Feminine hygiene sprays are totally useless against internal odors, because they can only be applied externally. Moreover, aerosol sprays can get inside her lips and their chemicals can sometimes irritate the soft, sensitive skin of the labia minora and clitoris, as well as your cock if you ball soon after using them. Any external odor should be taken care of by washing with plain water (no soap, which is also an irritant). Likewise, she should not take baths, bubble — or otherwise. It is too easy for dirty, soapy water to seep into her cunt when she is lying in bath water. She should shower instead. Finally, she should wear loosely-fitted cotton underwear, which chafes less and allows more ventilation than silk or nylon. Tell her to save the silk numbers for special occasions. Around the house she should wear a dress or robe, without underwear, so that air can get to her snatch.

Taking all these measures might not cure your wife's problem immediately, but with time her natural body flow should take care of it. If the odor persists, consult a gynecologist, rather than just a regular M.D. There is a natural feminine odor to a

woman's cunt; it should smell neither like a can of "Glade," nor a garbage can. But if she treats it right, it should be kissing sweet.

I always fantasized about sucking a young girl. Is it true that a young girl, whose body is just developing, has a sweeter, juicier cunt? This is what I fantasized about, and I wonder if it's true?

Name Withheld
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sweetness and juiciness of cunt, in relation to age, is purely a matter of subjective judgment, based on personal taste. It's like fruit — some guys think an apple is sweetest and juiciest when it is green, because the skin is tight and smooth and it's crisp; others think the apple is tastier when it has acquired a little age and become soft and ripe. To each his own. If you fantasize that pubescent cunts are sweeter and juicier, that is probably the way you will find them to be. Bon Appetite!

First, let me say what a dynamite magazine you've got. My boy friend and I read it every month, and we've gotten into a lot of new ideas because of HUSTLER. There is one thing, however, that we disagree about, and we'd like your opinion.

Some people say that if a girl swallows enough male semen, her boobs will grow bigger. I say that's a lot of crap. Who's right?

Miss Veronica P.
Chicago, Ill.

There is no proof whatsoever to the theory that the ingestion of male semen promotes the growth of mammary tissues. However, this is only because there has never been an adequate study made of the subject. Since semen has a protein base, it could affect a person's weight — but, then again, so could chocolate, beer, and pretzels. Clinically speaking, male semen has only two functions: to contain the sperm necessary for reproduction, and to act as a lubricant and thereby enhance the sex act.

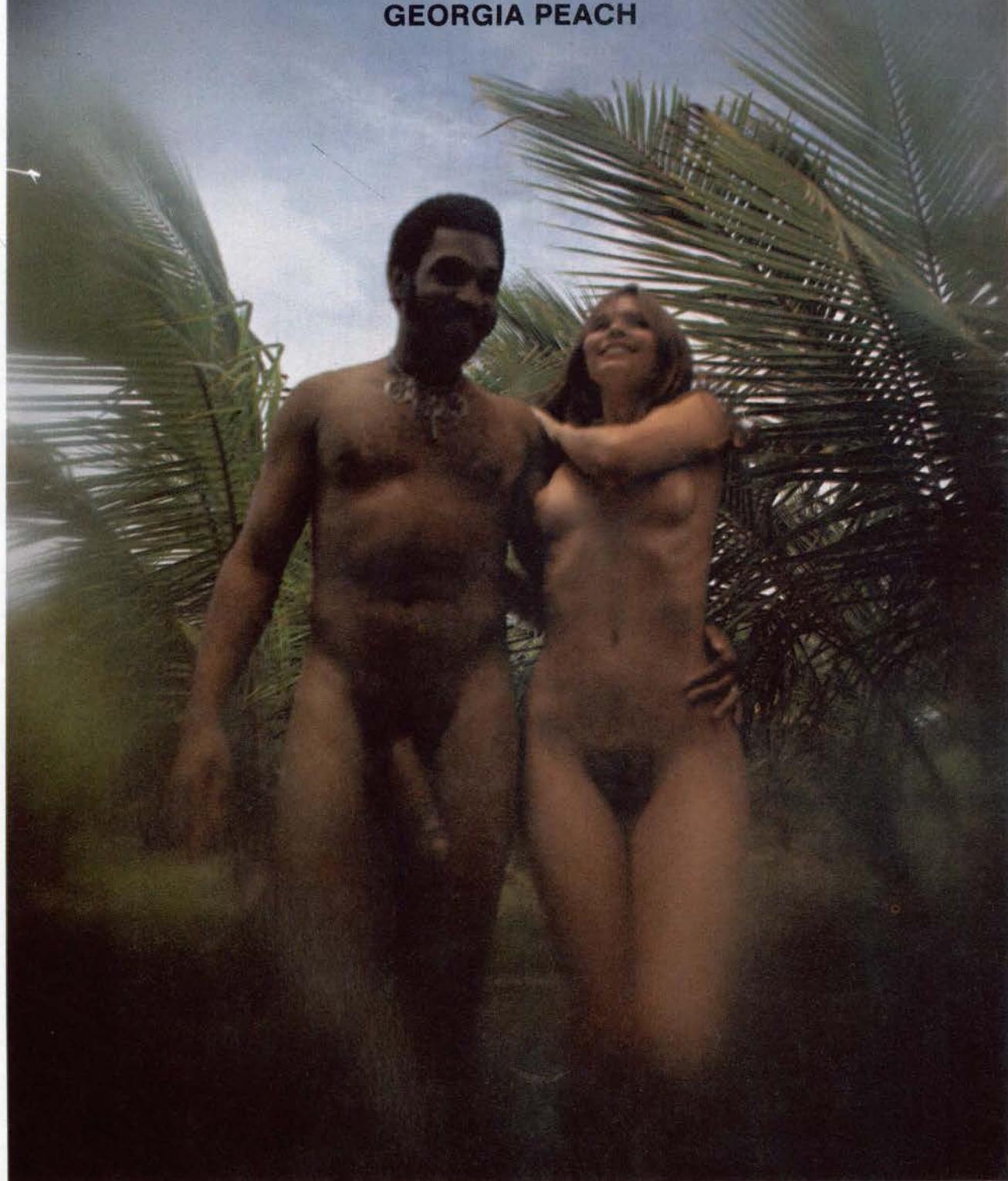
I have been taken by some of these "hard-core" dealers whose film product is "hard" to look at due to quality, and there is less "core" revealed than on your robust pages. In other words, there is no penetration, just simulation. Could you recommend some reputable distributors of 8mm films that provide a quality product and prompt service?

R. Barrett
Denton, Texas

There are currently two outfits that handle "hard-core" flicks of exceptional quality. One is Krow Enterprises, P.O. Box 11023, Chicago, Ill., 60611, whose newest work is entitled "Ice Cream Sandwich." The "core" is "hard" and the viewing is easy. The other company to contact for well-lit, well-filmed, and well-processed films is M.K. Enterprises, P.O. Box 1132, Station C, Canton, Oh. 44708. When writing them, be sure to order a print of "John's Girls," featuring "Johnny Wadd" Holmes. 

BUTCH

A BLACK STUD
AND HIS
GEORGIA PEACH

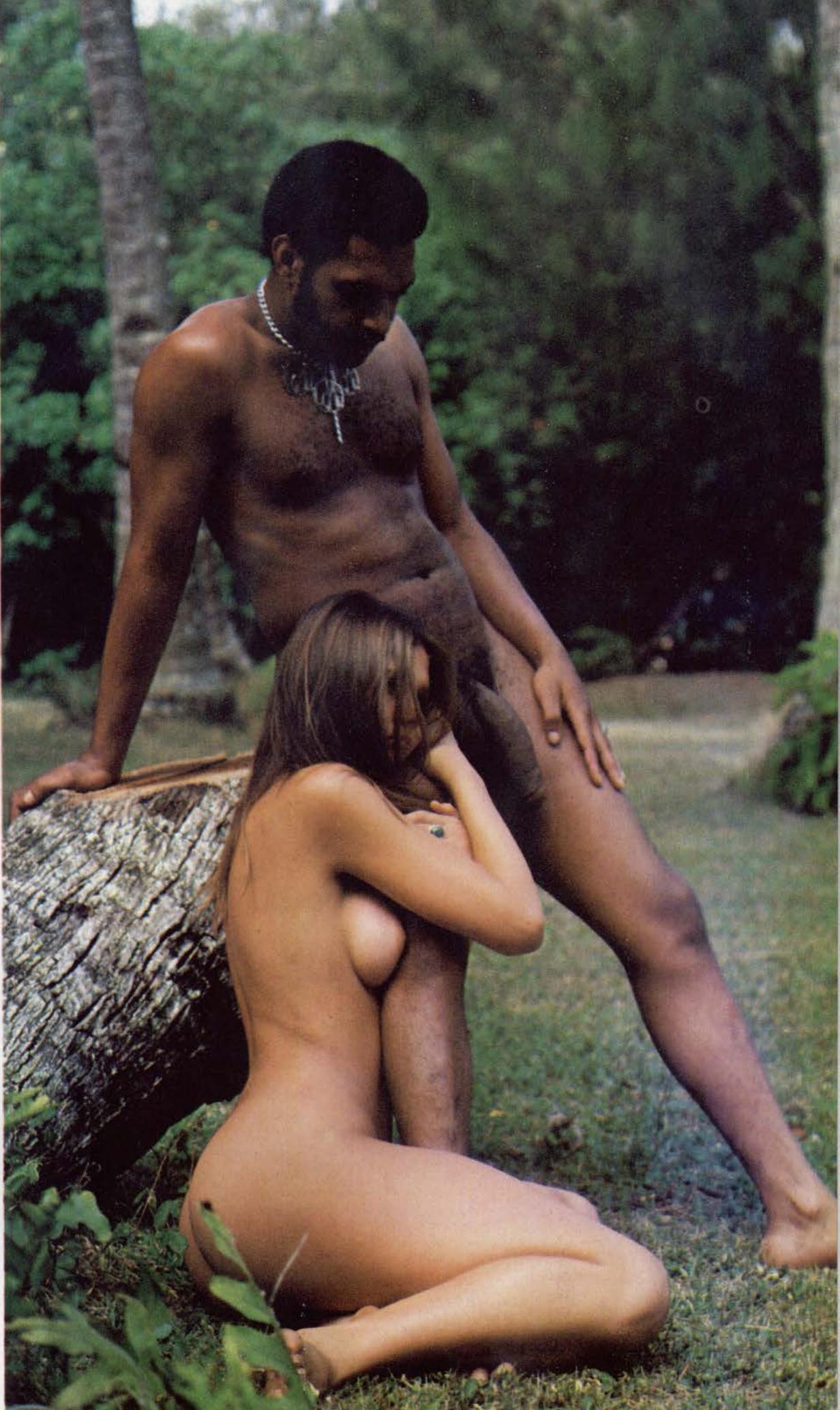




For years it was felt that the primary reason the slave owners discriminated against the black man was that they had an inferiority complex because the slaves' cocks were always bigger than theirs. We don't know if this is true, but we haven't seen anyone who can compare to Butch Williams, the star attraction in the Naked Waiter show being featured at Jack Cione's famous Hawaiian nightclub, "The Merry Monarch."

Butch, as avid readers of HUSTLER will surely know, is the original Naked Waiter, and his girl Peaches loves to be waited on.

"I've got this hang-up about big cocks," the Georgia-born beauty explains. "Really, every time I screw a guy, I always measure his cock first. I even carry around a tape measure for just that purpose. Some of the guys think I'm crazy, but they always want a tight cunt, so why can't I want a big cock?"





How do I love thee, let me count the inches." Often men are told that size doesn't make a difference but Peaches is the exception to the rule. As Peaches talks about her first experience with Butch her eyes become glassy and her lips are often wetted with her delightfully pink tongue. "You know, I am from Georgia and I like to fantasize that I am the daughter of a big plantation owner, and that some buck slave just savagely takes hold of me and starts fucking the hell out of me because he couldn't control his lust any longer. Then finally Butch asked me if I'd like to try it . . . if I could handle it. Well, this was fine by me.







"**B**ut it was smaller looking from a distance. Why, I couldn't even get the head of it in my little ole mouth. And when he tried to put it inside me I just down right passed out from the pain. We used plenty of vaseline, a whole darn jar as a matter of fact. Well, when I came to, it was in me and he was viciously pounding it to the very bottom. You know, he's not just long, he is big around, too. One minute I thought I was going to split apart, the next minute I felt a unique and captivating sensation that almost drove me out of my mind.





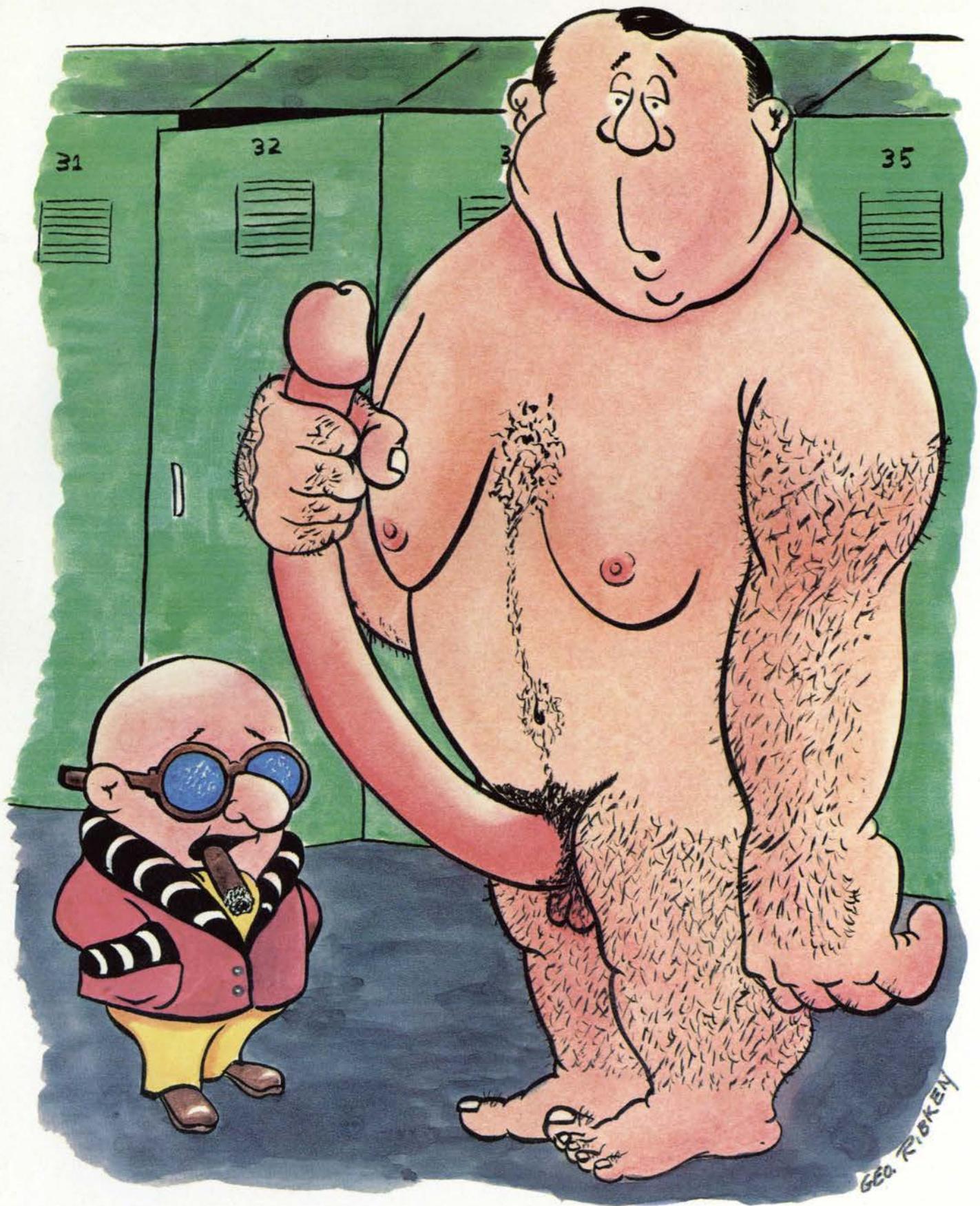


When Butch finally came I felt like he had dumped a whole quart of his love juices inside of me. It had a kind of a pink look as it ran down my leg. You know, mixed with blood and all.

"To this day when I think about Butch's cock, I don't know how he was ever able to get it inside of me. At one time I felt a sharp tingling pain near my taint. I felt for sure that he had ripped me open. But I guess the old saying is true, that a cunt will stretch a mile before it will tear an inch.

"My girl friends always tease me about wanting big cocks. I guess it's a psychological thing because I'm so small, I only weigh 100 pounds, or maybe I really love feeling the pain along with the sensation. I just don't know, but one thing I do know is Butch can have me any time he wants me!"





"Let me handle you, sweetie, and I'll make you a big star!"

A recent traveler on a 747 was in urgent need of using the men's room. He tried the door again and again, but it was still occupied. The stewardess, aware of his problem, suggested he use the ladies room, but she cautioned him not to touch the buttons on the wall marked WW, WA, PP, and A-T-R. But while sitting there, his curiosity got the best of him.

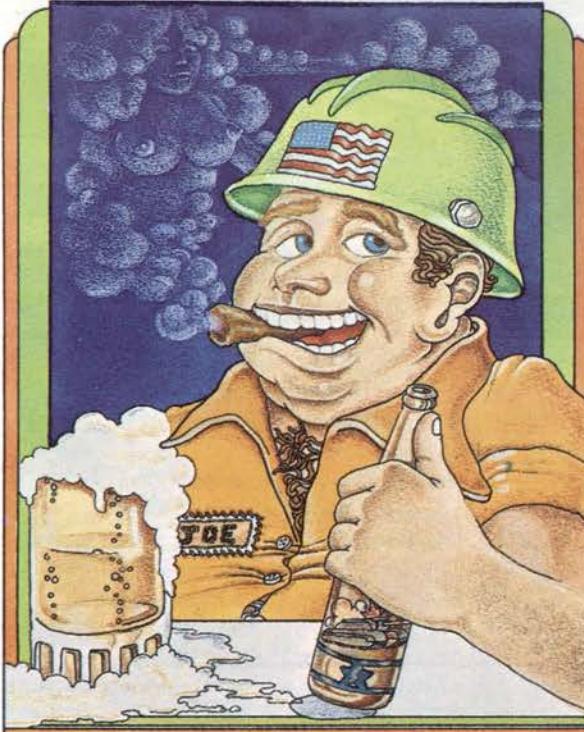
He carefully pressed the first button, marked WW, and immediately warm water sprayed lightly over his ass. Shit, he thought, these gals really have it made. He pressed the next button, marked WA, and a flow of warm air dried his ass completely. Great! He pressed button PP and slowly a large powder puff patted his behind very gently with perfumed powder. Wow! This is the way to travel. So he decided to press the last button marked A-T-R.

When he awoke some time later, in a hospital, he rang for the nurse. "What happened? Did we crash? The last I remember I was in the ladies room." "Yes you were," she replied, "but you disobeyed the warnings about not touching the buttons on the wall. You pushed the button marked A-T-R which is for AUTOMATIC TAMPAX REMOVER, and here you are . . . By the way, your penis is under your pillow."

There once was a girl who popped her cherry on the front of a bicycle seat.
And when she was old enough to start in sex
she wouldn't give up her meat.
She went on from guy to guy
making up an excuse
until cornered one day by a sizable guy
who wouldn't think twice to seduce.
He told her since she was thirty-five
she couldn't really think it a sin.
The girl fell down and cried out loud:
"I'm in love with a guy named Schwynn!"

We have it from a literary insider that the Happy Hooker's next book will be called *The Hollander Tunnel*.

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny . . .

A raid had taken place at a local cat house when Granny Frumper was passing by. The hookers were lined up to get in the wagon when Granny asked what was going on.

"Say girlie, what are the police doing?"

"They're passing out lollipops," was the whore's reply.

"Oh boy, I'm gonna stand in line and get one too," Granny drooled. So when the last whore was in the wagon, the officer was surprised to see the old lady, too.

"Pardon me miss, but aren't you a little too old for this?" he said to Granny. Granny smiled youthfully and said:

"As long as they keep makin'em . . . I'll keep suckin'em."

A show business hopeful walked into a big director's office and when asked what he could do replied, "Man, I can fart the Star Spangled Banner." The director said, "Well, it's not very couth, but it might make some money. Let me hear you do it."

So the man pulled down his pants and shorts, and proceeded to shit all over the carpet, the chairs, the walls and the desk. The director jumped up and yelled, "What in the hell are you doing?" The guy said, "Well, first I have to clear my throat, don't I?"

All his life this guy had a fantasy about fucking a girl with his big toe. He searched for many years and finally found a woman who was willing to try this ridiculous sex act. Enjoying himself immensely, he at last fulfilled his fantasy.

But a few days later the toe began to swell up. It was very painful. His doctor told him after an examination that he had syphilis of the big toe. "Isn't that unusual?" the guy asked. "Oh, not really," the doctor said. "I had a lady in here this morning who had athlete's cunt."

HUSTLER will now pay \$25 for every gag we choke on. And \$10 for each Definition. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes become the property of **HUSTLER** and will not be returned.

THE FAPISTS

continued from page 36

You shot your load and enjoyed every minute of it. You women are all the same. You like to act so prim and proper, but when it comes to sex, the rougher it is, the better you like it. Ed, you ready for your act?"

The smaller man nodded and headed toward the bedroom, undressing as he went.

What now? Janie thought.

"Okay, lady, into the bedroom. You're in for a special treat."

"What are you going to do?"

"Just go into the bedroom. You'll find out in a minute."

When they entered, Ed was standing by the bed, completely nude. His penis was fully erect and, as Janie glanced at it, she thought to herself, He's certainly no threat to me with that small thing. She was soon to learn that his sex organ was not Ed's forte.

"On the bed." Jay pushed her violently from behind.

As soon as she was on the bed, Ed began to move his fingers over her body, from her feet to her breasts. They were delicate fingers, moving swiftly from one sensitive spot to another. First to her breasts, where

and her legs slowly, hesitantly, parted, displaying fully all of her charms.

Jay, never tiring of this scene regardless of how many times he had watched it, was rubbing himself through his pants.

What a gorgeous hunk of woman, he thought to himself. He could hardly wait until it was his time to get into the act.

Janie felt the bed sag under more weight and she opened her eyes. Ed was between her legs, looking at her fully exposed body. He was facing her with his head about two feet from her mound of hair. He eased himself down to where his mouth was just an inch or so above her knees. Slowly, methodically, he began lightly kissing the insides of her thighs, all the time working his way toward paradise.

All resistance within Janie was gone. She began arching her back and moving her hips. Her hands began traveling over her body until they touched her breasts. She began kneading them and the closer Ed got to his destination, the more frantic her movements became. Then, she felt it.

Ed's mouth was on the lips of her vagina. An electric shock went through her and almost made her have a climax right then.

She now knew Ed's specialty! She had never been eaten before. It was a new experience for her. She had heard other women talk about it, but had never thought

on the end of his penis. He had either ejaculated by masturbation, or through uncontrollable reaction. She had been so busy that she was oblivious to what he could have been doing.

Jay reached over and rubbed her red and tender breasts.

"Well, lady, how did you like that? Ever been taken care of that way before?"

Janie couldn't speak. Instead, she just nodded her head, slowly.

"Did you like it?"

When she didn't reply, he pulled the knife softly across her stomach.

"Did you like it?"

Janie responded by slowly nodding her head again.

Jay was still rubbing her breasts, but Janie was beyond the point of resisting, or responding. She was washed out. They could do anything they wanted now, she was powerless to prevent it.

Jay undressed and, standing in front of her, said, "Okay, lady, now it's my turn."

She glanced at his penis. It was erect and huge, the largest she had ever seen!

"You . . . you can't," Janie stammered, recoiling on the bed. "I can't do anymore, not now . . . please."

Jay laughed, almost boastfully. "That's alright, lady. When I put this pole inside you," he was gently stroking his organ, "it'll wake you up!"

About that, she had no doubt; however, things had gone far enough. Something had to be done. Out of the blue, an idea came to her.

"I . . . I have to go to the bathroom."

"Sure. Ed, watch her."

Janie had difficulty getting off the bed. Her legs were like sponges and when she finally did manage to stand, her walk was very wobbly.

Jay rubbed her buttocks as she started to leave. "Hurry back. I have something good in store for you."

Janie used the time in the bathroom to wash her face and plot her next move. Looking into the full-length mirror, she could see traces of where she had rubbed her breasts so hard.

The warm glow was still inside her and, despite everything, she had enjoyed the experience.

As much as she had enjoyed it, however, she now had a job to do. When she opened the bathroom door, Ed was standing there. His penis was limp and shriveled, presenting a pathetic picture.

As she walked into the living room, she spied a tall, thin vase setting on the coffee table. Although thin, it had a heavy base. As she passed the table, she grabbed the vase and, before Ed could react, she smashed him across the forehead with it.

**You women all act so prim
and proper, but the rougher
sex is, the better you like it.**

he would rub the nipples; then, to just below her knees, where he would move up the inside of her thighs, barely touching the mound of hair at the intersection; then, back to her breasts.

God, she thought, how is any woman supposed to resist this?

She was trying, though, not to give in, not to show any response. She closed her eyes and steeled herself.

Her resistance was completely shattered when Ed began kissing her body. He started with her breasts and worked his way down. Soon, he was kissing the inside of her thighs, just below the knees, and began traveling toward her most sensitive area.

Janie's legs were still together and Ed made no attempt to force them apart. He didn't have to. As he came nearer to his target, she rolled her head from side to side

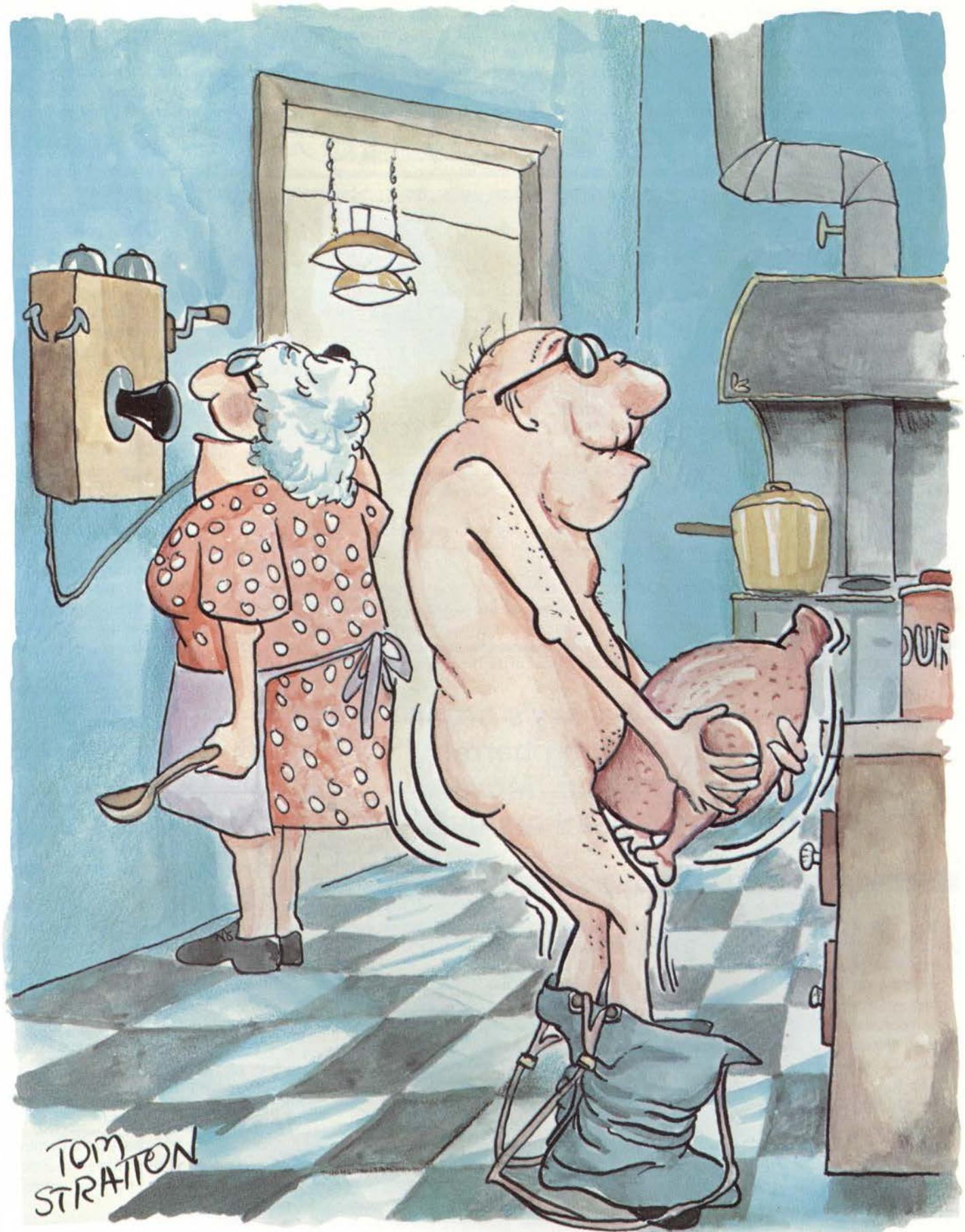
much about it one way or another. She had always enjoyed sex so much the conventional way that she never gave any consideration to other diversions.

But now she was getting the full treatment—and enjoying it!

Ed's tongue flicked along her vagina, darting in and out, causing Janie to writhe uncontrollably. Her breasts were red where she had been squeezing them. Suddenly, Ed inserted his tongue deep inside her and she couldn't hold back any longer.

It seemed like she would never stop coming. Finally, exhausted and feeling completely drained, her hands slid from her breasts and her body stopped moving. She was spent, but the feeling was ecstasy.

Janie slowly opened her eyes and saw Ed moving from the bed. Moisture glistened around his mouth and semen was evident



TOM
STRUTTON

"This year your Grandpaw's stuffing the turkey"

His eyes rolled skyward and he melted to the floor. Also on the table was Janie's purse. She reached inside and pulled out a small, pearl-handled revolver.

Jay had been lying on the bed, reveling in anticipation. When he heard the commotion, he jumped up and ran into the living room, the knife in his hand.

He saw Ed lying on the floor, a large bump on his head. His eyes moved to Janie, who was still nude, still displaying all her beauty, *but with a gun aimed straight at his stomach!*

"Alright, Jay, throw the knife on the floor, away from you. And be careful, I'm an expert shot." Janie was now in full control of the situation.

"I'm Policewoman Janie Collette. You're under arrest for rape."

"I'm a son-of-a-bitch. A woman cop. Why you . . ."

He started toward her but was stopped by a loud noise and a stinging sensation in his right ear. Moving his hand to the side of his head, he felt a warm, sticky substance. Blood! She had shot him in the ear!

"I warned you, I'm an expert shot," she barked. "Now, turn around and put your hands behind your back."

Janie pulled a pair of handcuffs from her purse and bound him.

"Sit on the couch."

"Why?" Janie asked, teasingly. "I thought this was what you wanted: to play, to have a little fun. What was it you said you wanted? 'To put your pole in me?' From the size, I bet it would have been pretty good, too."

She moved closer and leaned over. Her well-shaped breasts dangled in front of him, just inches from his eyes and mouth. He couldn't take his eyes off those mounds of joy. He licked his lips, straining to kiss them. She reached down with her free hand and gently stroked his organ.

Jay's eyes began to roll and he started moaning. "Please, please," he begged.

Janie laughed and continued stroking him. "What's the matter, Jay? Does that bother you?"

She then pulled his legs forward, to where he was in a half-sitting, half-lying position. His penis was standing straight up, begging for release.

Janie straddled him and slowly inserted his organ inside her. At the same time, she placed the gun barrel between his eyes.

"One move and you'll never see another woman."

She began raising and lowering her body on his huge penis, speeding the tempo with each thrust. Jay moaned, his prick pleading for release. But the gun, lying on the bridge of his nose, sapped his will to react.

Knowing she would need some of his

and manipulating his balls, he would soon shoot his wad. Jay was hoping she would stop, because he wasn't enjoying this at all!

The thought had hardly left his mind when he felt the girl's body drop on his penis and her legs tighten around his sides. He knew she was climaxing.

At the same time, Janie squeezed his testicles and he could hold back no longer. His fluid seemed to explode as it left the small opening, hitting her cavern walls and flowing back over his jerking penis.

It was not an ejaculation of pleasure. Jay could not prevent it, although he had tried. It was solely a release, not a satisfaction.

Janie, on the other hand, was both relieved and satisfied as she felt his hot fluid flood inside her. She had accomplished what she had set out to do, and had been in sexual ecstasy during her "rape."

She stood up and smiled when she saw his penis wet with fluid. Since he had not been sexually satisfied, his organ was still erect, still begging for a good release.

"That wasn't bad, Jay," Janie said, a pleased look on her face, her hand rubbing her stomach and matted hair. "It's a shame you didn't enjoy it, too."

She went to the telephone and dialed.

"Sgt. Milltone, this is Officer Collette. Would you send a police car to my apartment? I believe I have the rapists who have been operating in the south Houston area.

"No, I'm okay, now. They're both handcuffed. One is out cold, and the other is still in a very compromising position."

"My address is 1112 Houston Drive, apartment two-one-six."

Janie hung up the phone and laid the gun on a nearby table. She was a good fifteen feet from Jay, so he had no chance to jump her or escape.

"Lady, aren't you at least going to let us get dressed before the cops get here?"

Janie laughed. "No way. You're in no position to do anything right now. Besides, I want the tell-tale evidence on display when the police arrive."

Jay looked at the drying substance on his limbering organ. "So that's why you . . ."

"One of the reasons," Janie interrupted.

"But . . . but, I didn't rape you—you raped me!"

"Try convincing a judge of that. Besides, there are other women who will testify against you two, remember?"

A police siren could be heard, coming nearer and nearer. The final wail sounded as a car stopped in front of Janie's apartment building.

As footsteps echoed through the hall, Janie looked at Jay and smiled.

"You were right, Jay, I really did enjoy the experience."

Janie straddled Jay's organ and placed the gun barrel between his eyes: 'Move and you're a dead man!'

Next, she went to the desk and withdrew another pair of manacles. With those, she secured Ed. He was out like a light. There would be no trouble from him.

Janie then stood in front of Jay. Her legs spread apart, she began a slow, rhythmical movement with her hips. Looking at her, his penis began another erection. Seeing his reaction, a sinister smile crossed her face.

With the gun still aimed at him, she increased the tempo and direction of her movements.

"Take a good look, Jay. This is what you wanted, isn't it?"

He couldn't take his eyes off her body. Perspiration was popping out on his forehead and upper lip. His penis strained for satisfaction.

"Why don't you call the cops and get this over with?" he cried, in a whimpering voice.

juice inside her for evidence, Janie placed her hand on his testicles and began softly massaging them. Then, she sat down on his body, taking the monstrous organ all the way inside her.

Slowly rotating her body, she could feel his meathook touch every inch of her walls and joy button.

God, what a cock! she thought, thoroughly enjoying both the moment and the sensation his penis was bringing to her. She could feel the electricity flow from her vagina through her body and seemingly into the tips of her breasts.

Jay could not rouse himself to respond to her loveplay. His senses were dulled because of the gun, and the awkward position of his body made his back hurt.

He could feel his juice beginning to stir and knew that if the girl continued riding him

S'LENA:



A SOUTHERN BITCH



"I remember my youth here on Daddy's plantation," S'Lena said, twirling her parasol and strolling across the mansion's expansive lawns. "We used to breed Arabian horses. I learned the facts of life over yonder in the stables."

"Daddy used to tell me I was the sweetest smelling Magnolia blossom this side of the Mason-Dixon line," she explained, stepping up onto the veranda and plucking at the single ribbon that gathered her pink chiffon gown. "And, he always told me, 'S'Lena, honey, if you want something bad enough, why you just reach right out and grab it.'"



So you see, I can always tell whenever a gentleman wants to fuck. He gets that terrible big bulge in his trousers . . . like you've got there," she gestured smilingly, and sashayed into the parlor. "That's when I know to set myself down and prepare for a hard cock to come sliding down into my little ol' pussy."

Letting her skirt fall, S'Lena showed us her inviting southern exposure.



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About the 350-odd maidens I have personally deflowered, I won't bore you. I will say, however, that to know (in the biblical sense of the word) a woman for the very first time in her life is a specialized exercise in the field of sexual endeavor. It takes delicacy, poise, persistence, and sometimes (though hopefully never) force. Above all, it takes a thorough grounding in the ways of female virginity, for contrary to popular folklore, all virgins are not the same.

Now, when a woman approaches the matter of "losing her cherry," she will either act this way or that, but rarely as you expect her to. This a seducer must know, or else suffer the consequences of a wrongly directed effort (blue balls). Why, for instance, waste time plotting how to surreptitiously lock the door when in actuality she has come to your apartment with her packet of birth control pills and an overnight kit in her pocketbook? On the other hand, why spend long hours in well-reasoned, persuasive arguments, when all she wants is a convincing sock on the jaw?

There is also the fact that a woman usually takes her "first time" a great deal more seriously than a man does, and that is a fact to be respected. Whereas, a man of the world (such as I) may be sorely pressed to recall the face of the first woman he fucked, a woman tends to preserve the memory of her premier coitus, even down to such detail as what kind of liquor he had on his breath. It is often the case that a woman's first experience, good or bad, will forever color her attitude toward sex. A cad will not care one whit in this regard, preferring instead to follow the "Four F's" procedure ("Find 'em, Feel 'em, Fuck 'em, and Forget

'em"), but that kind of behavior only awakens the bees in the bonnets of Women's Libbers, who ascribe such villainy to all beings with balls. For this reason it is far more beneficial to everyone involved if the

different kinds of virgins that exist, and see afterwards if you don't start getting more virginal nookie.

THE EAGER BEAVER

This one's no problem at all.

A Seducer's Guide To Virgins

by Rex Weiner



seducer seduces his seductee with a certain amount of forethought and sagacity.

Therefore, study the following categorizations of the

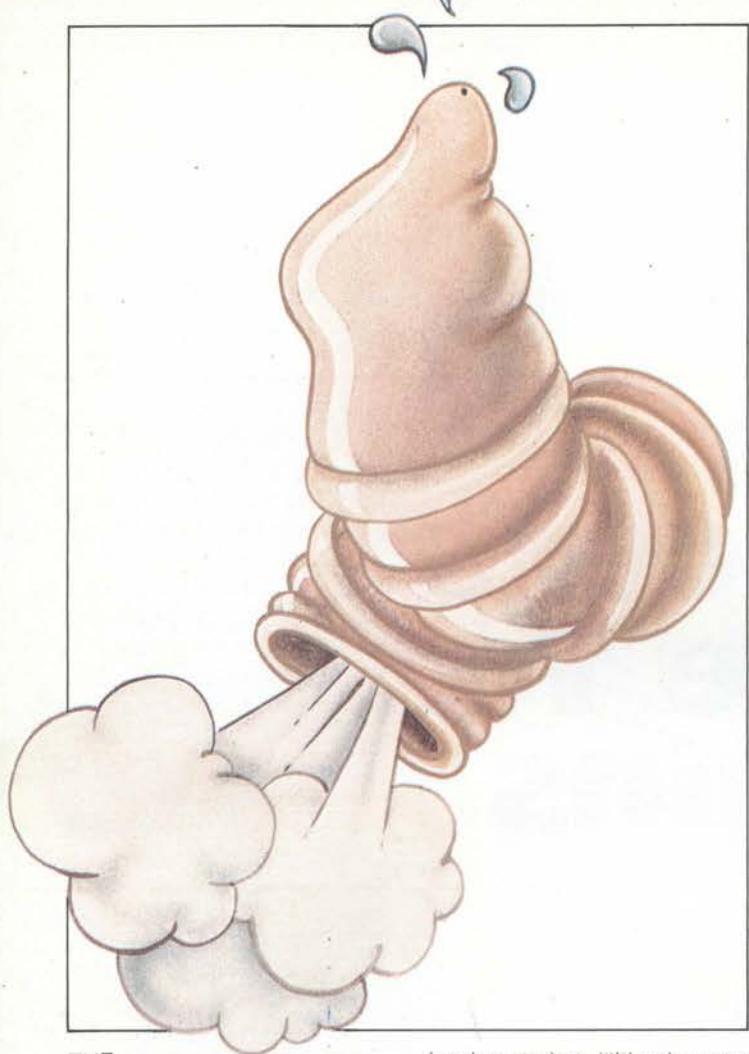
She is the kind of virgin most men dream of, and when she is found, it is almost enough to make one a Believer.

She is recognizable primarily

by her overwhelming and obvious curiosity about "what it's like." She is usually quite young, perhaps still in high school, and has usually read a great many books. Not schoolbooks. More like *The Carpetbaggers*, *Tropic of Cancer*, *The Story of O*, *The Joy of Sex*, *Fanny Hill*, *The Pearl*, *Man With A Maid*, *Lady Chatterley*, the "good parts" of *Ulysses*, and whatever else she could get off her friends or dig up from behind her father's bookshelf. She has read all about "IT" and many a night rubbed her little clitoris raw just *imagining* it - and now she'd like to give "IT" a try. To her, getting laid for the first time is a romantic adventure, a devil-take-the-hindmost fling, something along the lines of Isadora Duncan or Eva Braun.

When you meet her, she will most likely seem very restless, moving her behind around in the chair, licking her lips, and so forth. Her conversation alludes to sex with great, unsubtle frequency, especially if she knows you have your own place. Don't be surprised if she herself suggests going there. Somewhere along the line, she might even inform you that her mother had her outfitted with a prescription for The Pill only last week — leaving it to you to suggest a test run.

With such Eager Beavers, older men generally have the greatest success (after all, this kind of virgin is out to do it right the first time, to be taught the intricacies of love by an expert). It helps to act the part of the older, experienced-but-gentle initiator. It helps to actually be older, experienced, and gentle. It also helps to check into that business about The Pill (or even carry along your own means of contraception) just to make sure the little Lolita isn't trying to hook a sucker on a paternity suit.



THE UNCOMMITTED VIRGIN

She's a tricky one, and by far the most common. In her case, she simply has not made up her mind: Should she, or Shouldn't she? Here, a multitude of factors come into play, from centuries of Puritanism, to the onions you had on your hamburger, to the position of Venus as it transects Capricorn.

She'll say she wants to...but...and there will follow any number of excuses (most of which can be overcome with any number of ploys). She is afraid she will become pregnant (show her your handy pack of condoms). The condom might have a hole in it (blow it up like a balloon). She wants to save herself for when she gets married ("Save what? A piece of membrane? Nobody does that anymore! This is the Twentieth Century!" Or, if you are serious about her, you sap, propose marriage). She's hav-

ing her period. ("It's always a little bloody the first time anyway.") And so on.

It is extremely important to listen closely to her excuses so as to determine if she is merely uncommitted, or really dead-set against it (see "The Lost Cause," further on). An uncommitted virgin's excuses will always be half-hearted and lame. Her jaw will be slack and her eyes all over the place. It is obvious she's really waiting for you to decide for her.

Still another clue to look for is her past behavior. It will happen that you've reached the point where you have done just about everything else two people of the opposite sex can do. You've groped her boobs and fingered her pudendum, and she's whacked your stick and sucked it, and eagerly swallowed hot jets of your spurting seed — and she still says she won't fuck!?

Don't believe a word of it. Just quit palavering and jump

on top of her, rip her dress off, slap her around, or whatever you have to do in order to get your end in.

She'll thank you for it in the long run.

THE FEMINIST VIRGIN

In this age of Women's Liberation, militancy is everywhere, even amongst the ranks of virgins. The Feminist Virgin may be quite similar in many ways to the Eager Beaver, but with some highly significant differences.

In the first place, while the Feminist Virgin wants very much to get laid, she also wants to make it clear that this is entirely her own decision. Therefore, if you try to come on as the macho seducer, you'll

be hitting your head against a brick cunt. Instead, tailor your approach in such a way as to *make her think it's her idea*. When she says, "How about it?" act surprised (even somewhat bashful), though you've planned the event right down to the very moment. Go to her place if she wants. Let her get on top.

What matters here is simply to avoid the appearance of being a "male oppressor." After it's all over, and she insists on referring to what she's lost not as a hymen, but (as the famous "Feminist Dictionary" compiled by Deanne Stillman puts it) a "hy-thing," so what? You've popped her cherry and that's all that counts.





THE PERPETUAL VIRGIN

The Perpetual Virgin is actually not a virgin at all. She got fucked a long time ago, and possibly has six kids between the ages of two and twenty-two stashed away somewhere.

But that doesn't matter to her. For the Perpetual Virgin, every time is her first time. She makes it seem as though she'd never heard of S - E - X, until you mentioned it. But now that you've mentioned it, she'll suggest (coyly) further pursuit of the subject. Like, what is it? What's it like? How do you do it? Will you show her?

Once in bed, she may even carry the charade so far as to feign ignorance of what orifice you're going to stick it into. But once it's in, she turns into a raving sex maniac and bends your poor, unsuspecting body into every position in the Kama Sutra, the Koka Shasta, the Lhasa Apsa, and some that even Dr. Alex Comfort never heard tell of.

In short, the Perpetual Virgin can be both a fascinating

surprise and a pain in the neck (literally). But, occasionally the guise of the Perpetual Virgin will be adopted by women who are merely out to play a weird trick on your mind, which is a rotten sort of thing to do to a guy. To determine just what the hell is going on, look for the Perpetual Virgin's trademark: upon awakening after a full night of extraordinary lovemaking, she will profess not to remember a single thing.

THE LOST CAUSE

Suppose that after trying everything, she still won't "lend" her maidenhead to you. She gives no excuses and has no second thoughts on the matter. Her resolution to preserve her virgin state is absolutely unwavering. She just says "No" or "Forget it".

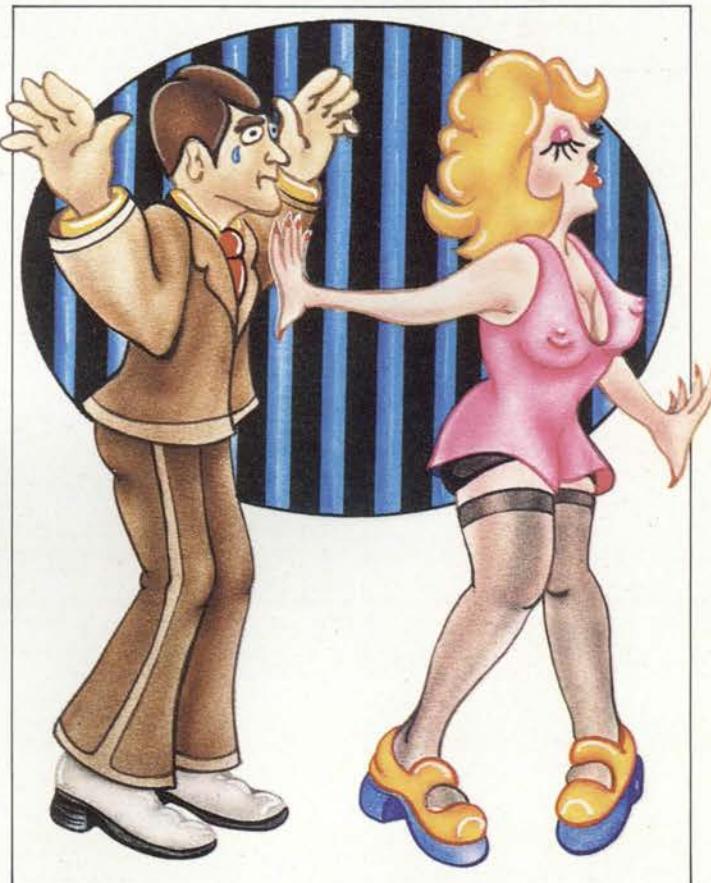
Rape, of course, is quite illegal, not to mention unpleasant and brutish. Besides, it allows precious little time for the pleasures of foreplay.

Better forget it (for the moment, anyway). You may be up

against any number of invisible obstacles, including lesbianism, communicable disease, a homicidally protective daddy, transvestitism, imminent removal to a convent, or transitional sex-change, none of which would make sex a fun thing for the two of you.

There is, too, the very strong possibility — difficult to accept — that this young maiden, who is so adamant about remaining chaste and intact, is saying "no" for no other reason than that she *really does not want to engage in sexual intercourse at this point in time*.

All right, then. If that is truly the way she wants it, that's the way it will be. You won't hold it against her. You won't be angry at her. You won't ever mention it again or try to make her feel guilty. She's still a good kid and she still has your respect. As a matter of fact, you respect her *like crazy*, and maybe you'll go out together again, once in a while. But, really, although you swear you'll never bring it up again, you've just got to say it— "Baby, you don't know what you're missing!"





YOLANDA

**RAVEN
HAIRRED
BEAUTY**







Yolanda is the type of girl who likes to let her hair down.

"I would never even think of shaving my pussy," she exclaims. "It's taken me years to grow what I have now!"

The daughter of a Fuller-Brush man, this bushy babe has some definite opinions concerning body-fur.

"These days, a girl cuts, teases, trims, shaves and plucks just about every hair she has," Yolanda claims. "I decided, once and for all, that there should be at least one place on my body where my hair grew unmolested. Besides, I love the tickly, tingly feeling that my pubic hair gives me whenever I screw, and my men friends say it is a real turn-on when it lightly brushes their love nuts. However, what do you think?"









HUSTLER INTERVIEW by LARRY FLYNT HERALD



HUSTLER publisher Flynt interviewing attorney Fahringer, advocate of sexual freedom.

FAHRINGER

F. Lee Bailey couldn't shine his shoes, and he makes Edward Bennett Williams look like a school boy. This is the way a client described Herald Price Fahringer. A modest graying man of medium build who seems to be missing that egocentric personality trait common in most criminal lawyers. As it is every author's dream to have a book published, it is every lawyer's dream to take his case before the U.S. Supreme Court. Herald Price Fahringer has not taken one case to the high court but fourteen, and he has won all fourteen. He has been described by the New York Times as a leading Constitutional lawyer and the president of the New York State District Attorney's Association said that Herald Fahringer is the best defense lawyer in the State of New York—and probably the whole country, says another constituent. A lawyer's lawyer as the saying goes, is more evident in this man, due to the fact that he represents no less than six criminal defense lawyers who are presently under indictment in New York City. He has argued causes and lectured to lawyers in virtually every state in the Union.

Presently he is representing the Dairy Lea Cooperative which is under indictment for the famous watering of milk suit in New York, and a Congressman from the state of New Jersey who is under investigation. But he is known best for his innovative techniques in defending such unpopular people as Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*; Monique Von Cleef, described as the torture queen who maintained a house of pain in New Jersey; Buddy Rich, the famous jazz drummer who was arrested on drug charges; Dr. Leslie Feidler, renowned author and critic, accused of maintaining a house where marijuana was used; Dr. Thomas Matthews, a black surgeon from New York City charged with embezzling

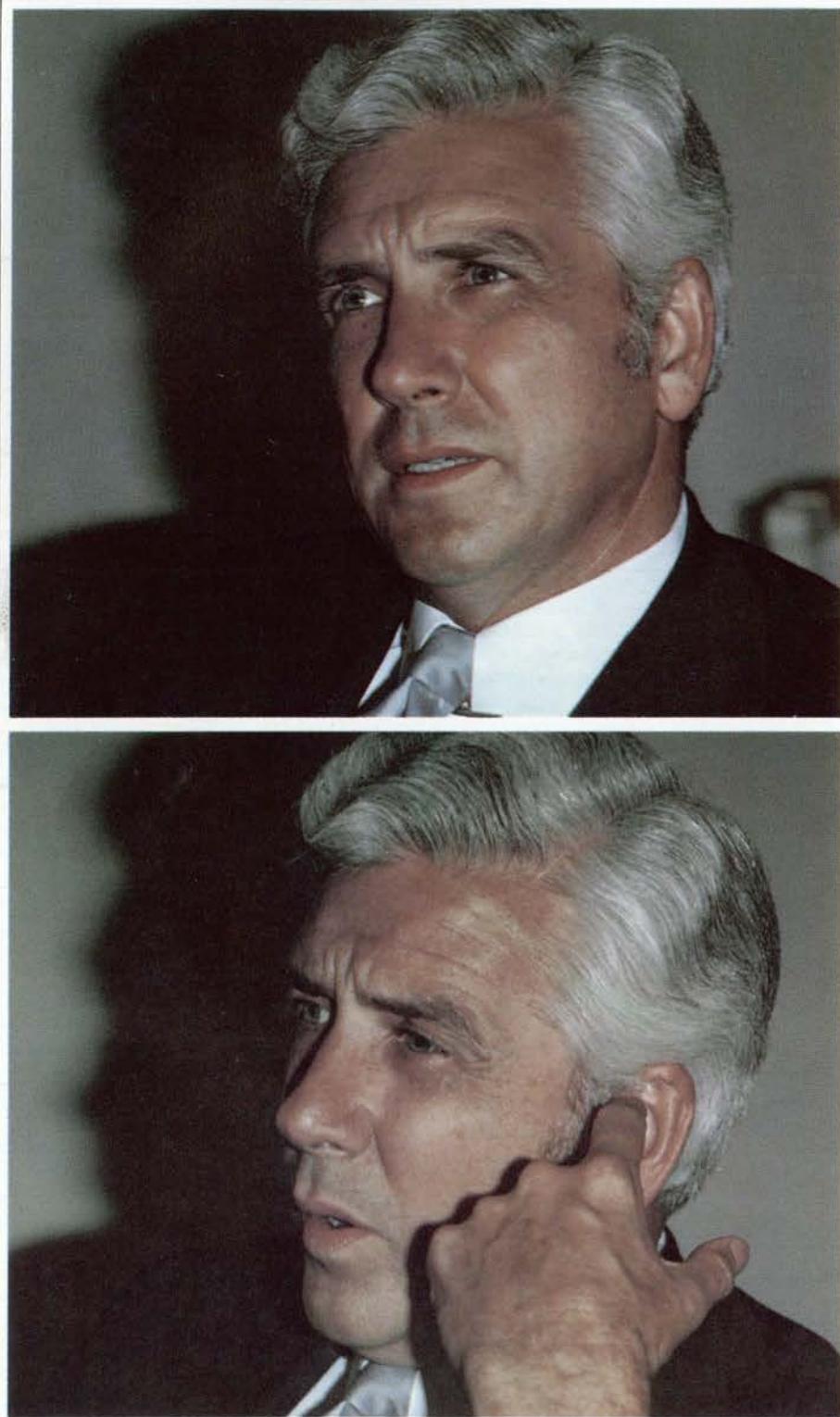
Medicaid funds; and motion pictures such as *Deep Throat* and *The Devil and Miss Jones* as well as prominent members of the Mafia in New York City and so-called "hit men" charged with contract killings.

I was to meet Herald for this interview at the Park Lane Hotel in Manhattan at 5:30 in the afternoon on a muggy day in late July. The stench from the exhaust fumes was ever present in the air as I entered the hotel. The air conditioned lobby was a relief from the congested streets and sidewalks of the big city. Everyone around me showed the strain of the day both mentally and physically. But not Herald — he was standing there in the lobby like he was just leaving home for a day's work. Dressed in a conservative black suit, neatly groomed and wearing a perfectly pressed white shirt. I had heard that he could work ten hours and still look the same. Now I understood why. He moved so gracefully in a crowd that you would never notice him unless you were looking. On our way to the suite, I was able to find out that Fahringer was raised in the coal regions of Pennsylvania where his father worked for a refining company. He worked his way through Penn State University by waiting on tables and fought on the Penn State boxing team. After graduation from college, he became interested in acting and worked in a road show with Dagmar and Arthur Treacher. After that experience, he worked as a radio announcer, a sparring partner in a professional fighter's camp, took a whirl at doing television commercials and worked as a salesman, all of which led him nowhere. Finally he enrolled at the University of Buffalo Law School and eventually received a law degree. He said, "When I found the law, I knew that was it. There wasn't anything I enjoyed more."

continued on next page

HUSTLER: Although you are probably not known to the average man on the street — your name may not be as familiar as F. Lee Bailey's or Edward Bennett Williams' — you appear to be known in the circle of businessmen who deal in so-called por-

FAHRINGER: Well, it goes back fifteen years ago, when the American Civil Liberties Union came to me and asked if I would take the case of a man who had been arrested on pornography charges. It was the first pornography case I ever handled.



nography and obscenity as the one and only lawyer. They hold you in the highest esteem and feel that if anyone in this country is an authority on this issue, you're the man. How did you gain this type of reputation?

And what attracted me to that case was not any financial gain; I was concerned about the defendant's right to sell magazines. I took the case to New York's highest court and it declared the law unconstitutional. Because of that victory, which was a well-

publicized one, other publishers came to me and asked that I take their cases. Of course, the Warren Court was in full reign at the time, so we enjoyed a lot of success. I began handling cases in California, Ohio, Wisconsin, Florida, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and throughout the United States. I traveled all over the country. It was kind of a small group and word traveled very quickly, so I was engaged to handle a lot of cases for such publishers.

HUSTLER: It is said you're a fanatic when it comes to the Constitution.

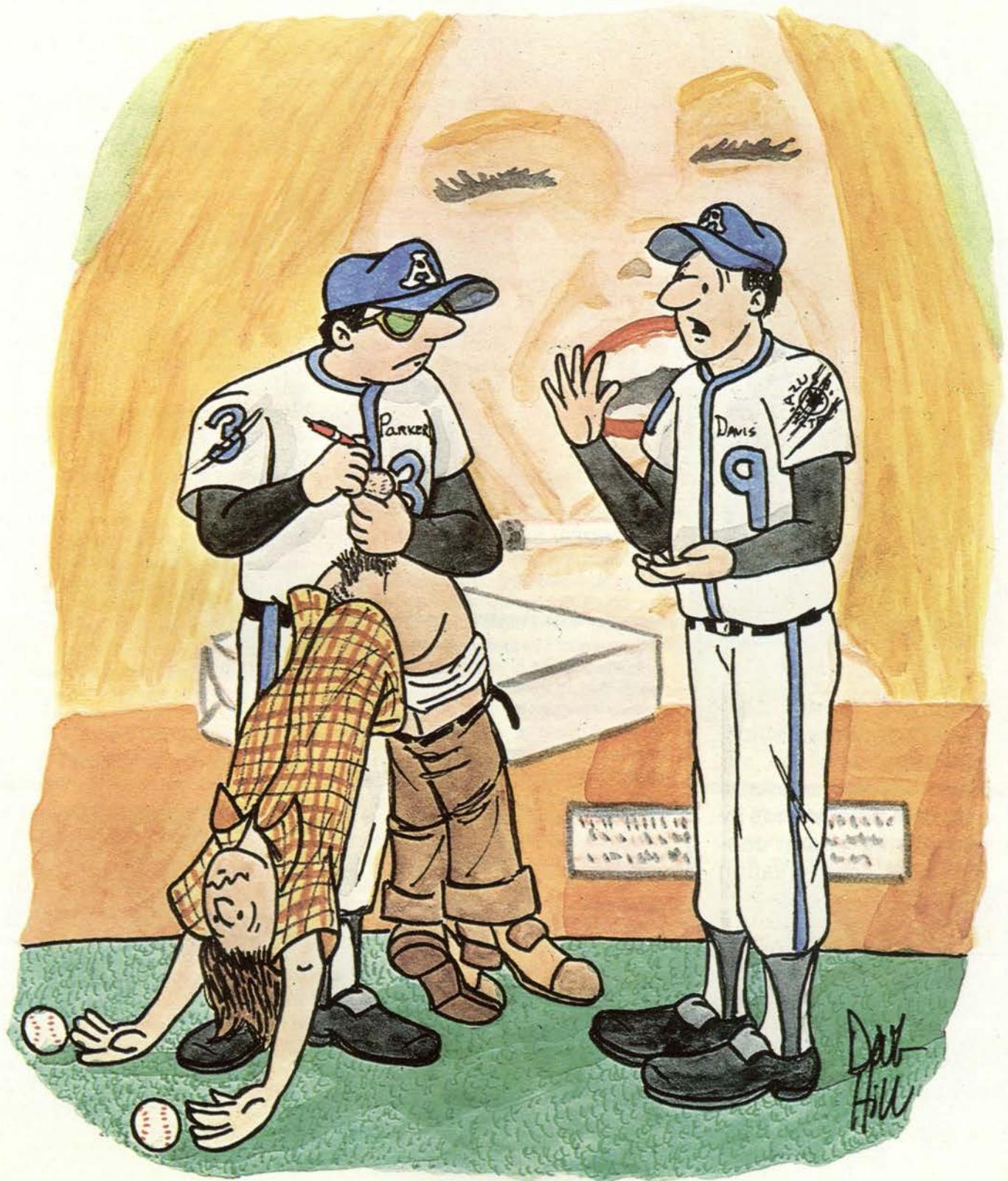
FAHRINGER: That's right. When I was in law school I was very impressed with the first ten amendments to the Constitution — what I consider to be the crux of civil

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HOW DO YOU
FEEL ABOUT
JUSTICE IN
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TODAY? //

liberties in this country—individual rights that are shared by each of us and are so essential to a free society. I have been alarmed about the erosion of these rights spelled out in our Constitution. I am terribly distressed over the public's indifference to Constitutional rights: right to free speech, right to free press, and so on.

HUSTLER: Clarence Darrow once said that there's no such thing as justice in or out of court. How do you feel about justice in America today?

FAHRINGER: If you're talking about the criminal justice systems, and I assume you are, the problem is that the public is under the impression that every time a man goes to trial justice should prevail. The guilty should be convicted and the innocent



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should go free. But we who labor in that enterprise know that it doesn't work out that way — and yet I'm deeply committed to the system. I think it's the best in the world, with all its imperfections. But the fact is people go to trial and sometimes the guilty go free and the innocent get convicted. And that's a failing of the system. I think that's what Clarence Darrow meant when he said that there is no justice. There is no such thing as a pure justice.

HUSTLER: One of the most important aspects of the legal profession is that regardless of a man's guilt or innocence he is still entitled to the best legal representation that he can get. Why is there an attitude of antipathy taken toward an attorney because of the clients he represents?

FAHRINGER: As I said, it is not our function to judge a man's guilt or innocence. It's our obligation to represent him no matter how unpopular he might be, no matter how overwhelming the evidence is against him.

HUSTLER: It has been said that you are obsessed with being the "Defender of the Damned," so to speak. Isn't that what it boils down to, considering the various types of clients you've represented?

FAHRINGER: Even though that term may be a little deceptive, I think very early in my life I became seriously concerned with what we would colloquially refer to as "the underdog." I have never cared much for the establishment. I've always been opposed to authority. I found it very easy to embrace the causes of those people who stood up against the state. I got involved in a lot of civil rights cases, where I felt the privileges of citizens were being abused.

HUSTLER: In other words, the cause is more important to you than the fee?

FAHRINGER: I really believe that, and I think I could support it with some statistics. I have been involved in an awful lot of cases where there has not been adequate compensation, but I just felt very deeply about the principle involved. I like to think that a lot of lawyers have done the same. It is a service we perform for the community, and I advocate that publicly.

HUSTLER: I understand that at the present time you represent the largest distributor of X-rated paraphernalia in the world. Is this true?

FAHRINGER: Yes, I guess that's true.

HUSTLER: And you also had quite a sensational case involving a black businessman that backed Nixon.

FAHRINGER: This was another situation where I was very much attracted to what had been done to this doctor, on a matter of principle. It was Dr. Thomas Matthews, a black surgeon, who practiced in New York. He was a solid backer of Nixon, and I understand he enjoyed a fairly close relationship with him. He opened a drug addiction center in the borough of Queens which was very unpopular. I believed that he had been persecuted — not prosecuted, but persecuted — by the authorities there. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to three years in prison. Then he came to me and asked me if I would handle his appeal. I did. We were not only successful in reversing his conviction, but the appellate court dismissed all the indictments against him.

HUSTLER: Would you represent a man on principle if he didn't have the cash to pay your fee?

FAHRINGER: Yes. As a matter of fact, I'll tell you of one. There's a famous case of a young rabbi who got convicted of a very serious crime in New York City. The case attracted a lot of attention. He was sentenced to prison. His appeal was being handled by an assigned lawyer. He called me and wanted to know if I would be willing to argue his case in a high appellate court. I was very impressed with the young man and asked him to come over and see me. I looked over all of his records, took the case, and argued it for him without any fee.

HUSTLER: How did you do?

FAHRINGER: We haven't got the decision yet. It's still pending.

HUSTLER: Would you represent a Mafia hit man if you knew he was guilty?

FAHRINGER: Yes, I would, because his guilt or innocence is not for me to judge. We take an oath when we're admitted to the Bar, swearing we will represent *all* people, regardless of how unpopular their cause might be.

HUSTLER: That, along with some of the alleged Mafia figures that you have represented, makes it seem like you are attracted to a certain type of case, or a certain segment of society. Is that because you feel this is where the largest violation of Constitutional rights exists?

FAHRINGER: Yes, I've been attracted to those cases which involved some very serious Constitutional violations. In the area of criminal defense, the Constitutional rights that we all share with one another are of paramount importance — the right to remain silent, for instance, or the right to be free from an unreasonable search and

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seizure. In a criminal case these rights are dramatically brought into collision with other interests of society. Another issue that I feel deeply about, and which I raised in the U.S. Supreme Court, is that if a person wants to be mistreated and enjoys it, if he enjoys bizarre forms of sexual gratification, I feel that society has no right to interfere with that enjoyment. I feel very strongly about people being free to enjoy any form of sexual relationship with one another as long as they don't harm anyone else. If it is done privately and with consent, I don't think the state has any right to interfere with that form of expression or enjoyment.

HUSTLER: Are your feelings in this area one of the reasons you have not been reluctant to represent some of the well-known *alleged* pornographers in this country?

FAHRINGER: Yes. I think that, more than anything else, attracted me to their cases. I found myself able to defend both the individuals and the principles involved quite aggressively.

HUSTLER: I understand you are defending Al Goldstein and *Screw Magazine*.

FAHRINGER: Yes. He's under indictment. I'm defending him.

HUSTLER: The *Screw* case is a rather unique one. They were indicted in Wichita, Kansas, while their corporate headquarters

FREE SPEECH HAS TO EXIST FOR ALL OF US OR THE REAL RISK IS THAT IT MAY NOT EXIST FOR ANY OF US. //

is in New York City. What was the reason for this?

FAHRINGER: It's an unusual situation. A postal inspector out in Kansas subscribed to several issues of *Screw* at the request of the federal government. They were sent out to him, and then based upon his receiving them through the mails they indicted *Screw* in Kansas. This was an outrageous misuse of governmental power, and I made a motion in Wichita that the matter should be returned to New York as the proper place of jurisdiction.

HUSTLER: Isn't it obvious the federal government felt it would stand a better chance of getting a conviction in Kansas rather than in New York?

FAHRINGER: Well, that may be. However, I have confidence in juries all over the country. The people in Kansas are quite capable of making judgments consistent with Constitutional rights. However, there isn't any question that the community standards in New York City are different than those in Kansas.

HUSTLER: What seems to be the issue in the government's case against *Screw*?

FAHRINGER: Well, their complaint is that the magazine is obscene, lewd, and they contend that it doesn't have any redeeming social value. We feel it does. We think it's Constitutionally protected..

HUSTLER: The *Screw* case could very well become another one of those landmark decisions that may go all the way to the Supreme Court. I assume it will, knowing the personal philosophies of the publisher. Al Goldstein will no doubt want to utilize the courts to the fullest extent possible. You've no doubt been burning a midnight candle.

FAHRINGER: Oh, yes. My associate, Paul Cambria, and I have worked very hard on the case, and I hope that eventually we will prevail.

HUSTLER: Why was it that a postal inspector decided to subscribe to *Screw*?



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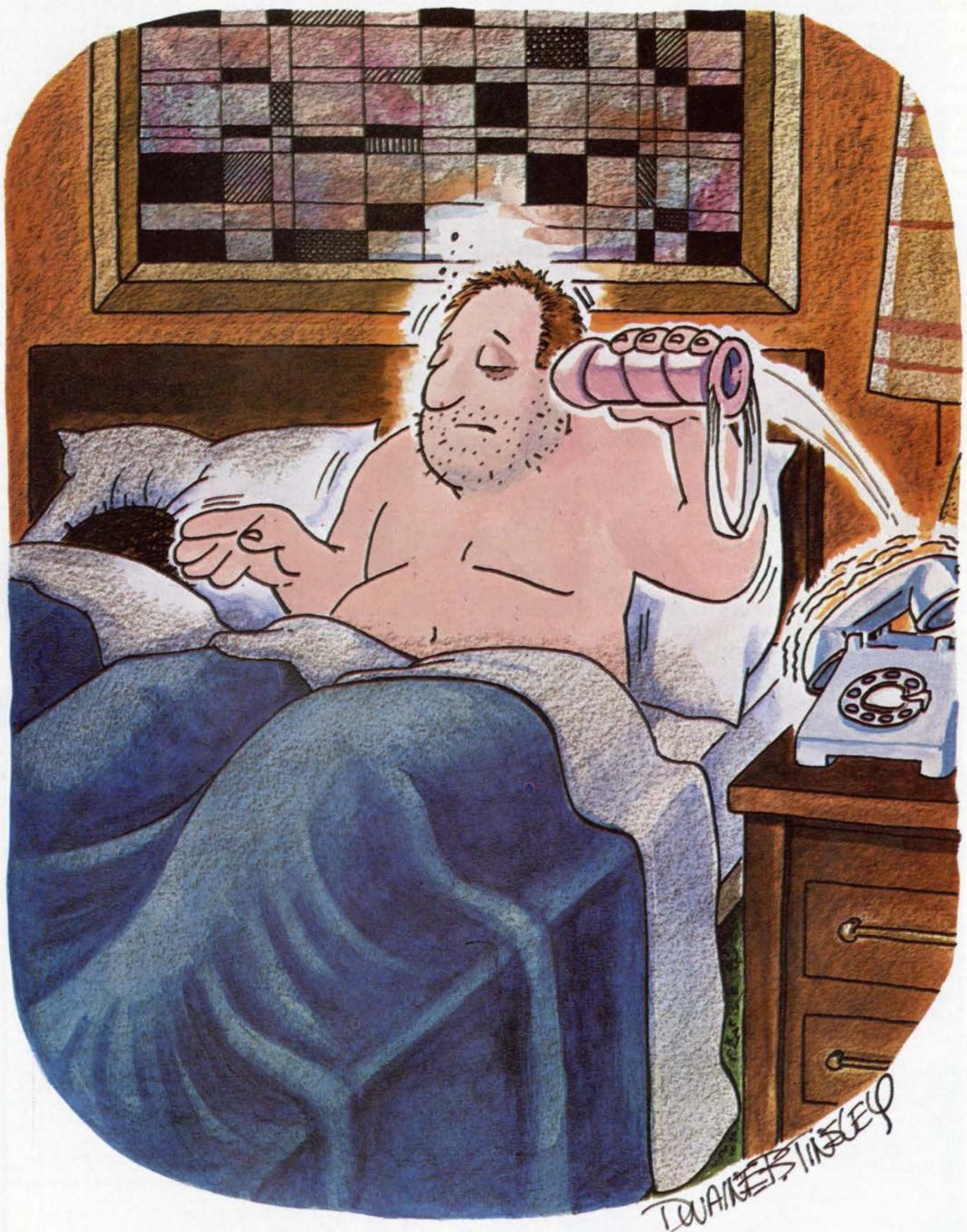
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"Hello . . . HELLO?"

Was he a fan of Screw's or was he helping the government with its case?

FAHRINGER: Of course it is a contrived case. He was asked to do this by the government. The whole thing was a set-up.

HUSTLER: How do you personally feel about Screw's editorial policy?

FAHRINGER: Well, let me tell you about Screw. My attitude is that Screw is an important publication because it's fearless. Al Goldstein is independent, and he says what he thinks. You know, there are many people in this country today who think people like Al Goldstein, Jim Buckley, and maybe even Larry Flynt should have their mouths washed out with soap for using four-letter words and discussing sex frankly. But I think that many times these tactics are used by Al Goldstein as a kind of shock weapon in a war against complacency. I think that Al Goldstein is very much concerned about public apathy that is suffocating society today.

HUSTLER: I understand Screw is having some problems obtaining their second

U YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT THE POOR MAN'S LIBRARY OR ART MUSEUM IS THE NEWSSTAND.//

class mailing permit and this in turn is costing their subscribers a considerable amount of money. Will this situation be resolved, or is it in limbo like the trial?

FAHRINGER: It's in limbo. We've had an awful time. Of course, that's an administrative decision, but we've had an awful lot of trouble trying to get it resolved for them. But it is pending.

HUSTLER: Does an administrative arm of government, in this instance the Post Office, have the right to rule on obscenity and define it?

FAHRINGER: No, and you wonder about their capability of making these judgments when it is such a complex area. The Supreme Court has had a tremendous struggle with this difficult problem.

HUSTLER: How many cases have you had before the Supreme Court?

FAHRINGER: I have handled fourteen successfully.

HUSTLER: Out of the 14 cases they considered, how many did you win?

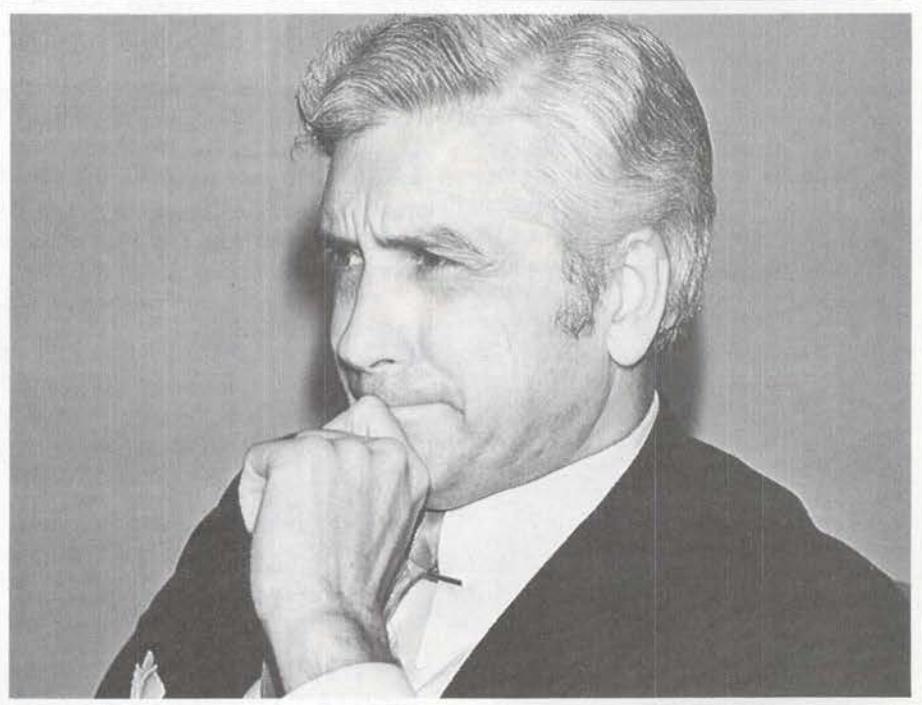
FAHRINGER: I won all fourteen cases.

HUSTLER: I understand you have some reservations about the Nixon Supreme Court.

FAHRINGER: Yes. I was, of course, a great supporter of the Warren Court, mainly because that court was preoccupied with the expansion of individual liberties. And in the area of obscenity, I thought they adopted a very civilized and enlightened attitude. The Warren Court was on the verge of really reaching the conclusions we all hoped for: that is, allowing consenting adults to see anything they pleased. Restrictions would be limited to the distribution of sex literature to children or those who didn't want to see it. Then came Mr. Nixon's election and his subsequent appointments. He selected men who have been very conservative in terms of their judicial philosophy.

aren't likely to be many vacancies created soon by death — how do you feel that the Burger Court will affect the destiny of our country?

FAHRINGER: I think we must resign ourselves to the fact that the Burger Court is withdrawing from the Constitutional frontiers established by the Warren Court. There has been a dramatic retreat from the positions held by its predecessors. We have seen a de-emphasizing of individual liberty with more power being given to the police. For instance, the right of privacy has been gravely imperiled today. Now we stand on the threshold of that terrifying world so grimly described by George Orwell in his book 1984. Electronic surveillance, bugging, wiretapping and data banks have finally brought the weapons in the war against privacy to the doorstep of every



HUSTLER: Why do you think Nixon appointed this type of individual to the highest court in the land?

FAHRINGER: Well, he ran on a law-and-order program. He was successful in his 1968 Presidential campaign in advocating harsher treatment of criminals and more severe sentences. When he became President, I think he believed he had to fulfill a commitment to the nation by implementing his law-and-order program.

HUSTLER: Don't you also feel that he wanted a court that he could predict?

FAHRINGER: Predictability undoubtedly had something to do with it. We know today from the Watergate scandal that he was a terribly strong-willed man.

HUSTLER: Considering that the Supreme Court is appointed for life, and that the present court is relatively young — there

man's home. The only defense against this form of government intrusion is our Constitution. Unfortunately, the Fourth Amendment, which ensures for all of us some privacy, has been left in a shambles by recent Supreme Court decisions.

HUSTLER: How many steps backward do you see us taking?

FAHRINGER: I think we have to prepare ourselves for a substantial withdrawal. The Burger Court is apparently not as concerned about the people's right of privacy as the Warren Court was, and I think that is sad. Inevitably freedom will suffer from this attrition of Constitutional rights.

HUSTLER: How do you think it will affect the destiny of enterprising publishers, such as myself and Al Goldstein, and the erotic entertainment industry in general?

FAHRINGER: I think the result will be very

troublesome. There has already been enormous curtailment in the production of films and books concerned with sex.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the Supreme Court's recent decisions on obscenity?

FAHRINGER: They were a bitter disappointment to those of us who are deeply committed to the proposition that the American public should have complete freedom in what it will be allowed to read and see. The Court, in my mind, has sown dragon's teeth in the once fertile soil of the First Amendment. I think a great many prosecutions are bound to spring up that will strangle many good books and motion pictures in this nation.

HUSTLER: Why has there been so much confusion in the law of obscenity?

FAHRINGER: Well, the subject of obscenity is like the concept of sin — it defies definition. Obscenity is a state of mind and therefore is not subject to measurement.

HUSTLER: What kind of decision would you have liked the Supreme Court to hand down?

FAHRINGER: The judgment that I have been yearning for all my professional career, and as a citizen, is one in which all controls over what the adult population of America can read or see will be eliminated. You must remember that the poor man's library or art museum is the newsstand. The

rich and the privileged can go to exotic museums and theaters and see erotic shows. However, the working class have to get their entertainment from newsstands and movie houses.

HUSTLER: Do you believe that the Supreme Court has its hand on the pulse of the nation, or do you feel they couldn't care less about what the public wants?

FAHRINGER: You must understand the concept of the Supreme Court. Its members are appointed for life, and they are not supposed to be responsive to public opinion. Their responsibility is to decide issues strictly on the law and on Constitutional principles.

HUSTLER: Do you see any hope for the future of this country?

FAHRINGER: I have an enormous amount of confidence in the young people who will shape the future of our nation. They have a fresh approach to life and the problems

confronting our country today. We must understand that in a rapidly changing culture, a long memory is a handicap, and precedent is irrelevant. I think this nation's youth have a lot to contribute to this country. With them lies our salvation.

HUSTLER: It is no secret that Justice William Douglas' health is failing and he is considered to be incompetent by other members of the Court. Do you feel that he should be asked to step down?

FAHRINGER: I would hate to see that happen. In my judgment it would be an awful loss to this country and to the Supreme Court because he has been a great spokesman for individual liberties and civil rights. If he were to be removed from the Court I think freedom in this land would suffer terribly.

HUSTLER: What do you see as the future of pornography in this country?

FAHRINGER: I have never lost hope that the day will come in this country when pornography will no longer be feared as some sort of witchcraft. I am convinced that obscenity breeds and multiplies in the dark crevices of a frightened society preoccupied with a sense of self-censorship. Once pornography is exposed to the strong sunlight of a completely free and uninhibited people, its appeal will surely diminish. I have an abiding confidence in the American public. I believe an adult can read or see anything without being morally corrupted. Therefore, the control of obscenity must be left to the self-regulating forces of the public's taste. More importantly, the choice of what books people will read or what films they will see for their own amusement must be left to them and not to the government. The right to read and see what we choose must include every book, film, magazine or newspaper — or in the long run it may include none.

HUSTLER: I asked a publisher, Larry Ross of Jaundice Press, how he felt about the future of pornography. He said, "As long as there is an ear lobe covered, somebody will want a photograph of it uncovered."

FAHRINGER: I believe that's true. Curiosity is the major driving force in inspiring people to buy pornography. If it weren't illegal, I am convinced the market for it would evaporate.

HUSTLER: Can you extend that theory to legalized prostitution?

FAHRINGER: Yes, I believe you can. I am in favor of legalized prostitution for the same reasons I am opposed to censorship. I think that if a man wants to enjoy the comforts of a woman and is willing to pay for that accommodation the state has no business interfering with that form of enjoyment.

HUSTLER: Do you think we will ever see legalized prostitution in this country?

THE PHILOSOPHER

**When I am asleep I dream what I dream
when I am awake. It's a continuous
dream.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA

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FAHRINGER: I don't know, but I do believe that in a civilized society any form of conduct which does not harm another and is not detrimental to society itself, should not be made illegal. Therefore, I am opposed to all laws against homosexuality, obscenity, and prostitution because no one is harmed.

HUSTLER: How about legalizing gambling in this country?

FAHRINGER: You have for all practical purposes legalized gambling in the state of New York today with the OTB and the state lottery. I don't understand why private persons are not allowed to engage in that enterprise for profit.

HUSTLER: We've talked about pornography and obscenity, but Screw is doing something unusual, which HUSTLER is also getting into somewhat, and that is

The prevalence in our society today of blue movies, smut books, peep shows, underground newspapers and live sex shows is distressing to many, but this phenomenon apparently proves that a nation gets the kind of art and entertainment it wants and is willing to pay for. We must remember that no one is compelled to either read or see that which is repulsive to him. If the law suppressed that which sizable minorities in our society disliked, our cultural store would be sparsely stocked. **HUSTLER:** Many critics of obscenity like to use its effect on children as an excuse for suppressing it — not only in regard to sex, but violence as well. What's your opinion? **FAHRINGER:** First of all, we don't suppress alcohol or cigarettes because these commodities may fall into the hands of children. We make the sale of those items to

HUSTLER: You mentioned the American Civil Liberties Union earlier. Do you work very closely with them?

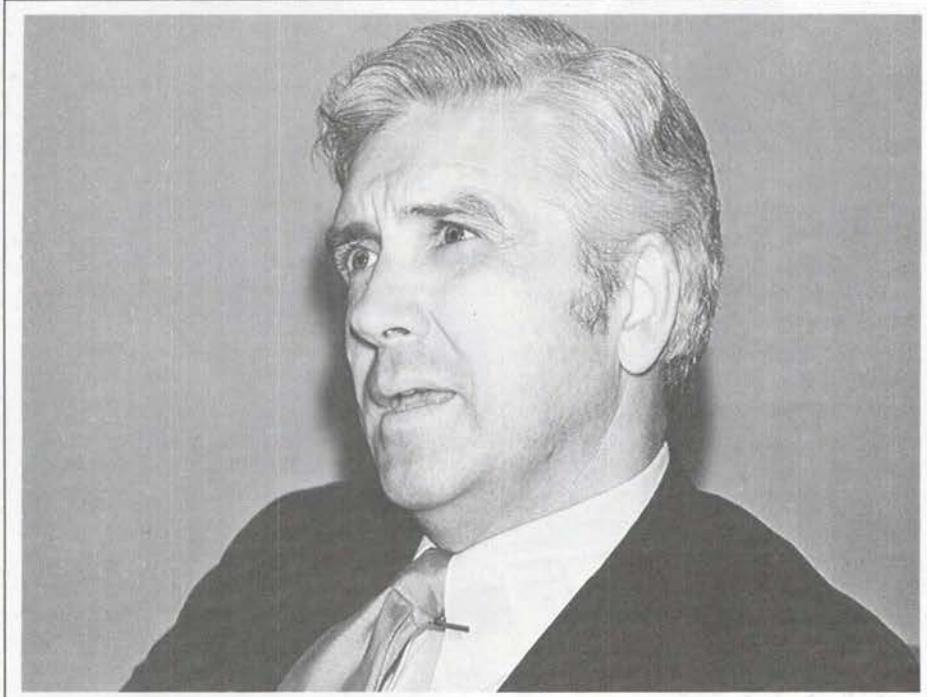
FAHRINGER: Yes. In Buffalo we're their general counsel.

HUSTLER: Well, how do you feel about the ACLU?

FAHRINGER: I support them. I think as an organization they have done more in preserving and protecting civil liberties than any other association. They consistently have fought for political freedom and free expression in this country. We must acknowledge that it takes a lot of courage to be free. Many people are afraid of freedom. People who occupy positions of power fear criticism and consequently try to stifle free expression. It is a threat to their security, and the easiest thing to do is to pass laws curtailing free expression.

HUSTLER: Well, if free expression is so important to a democracy, why aren't we more diligent in trying to protect it?

FAHRINGER: One of the reasons is that free expression is not always easily



satire, shock, tastelessness, all of which is as much a form of expression as erotic literature. Do you think there are any forms of expression that can possibly affect the public in an adverse manner?

FAHRINGER: Well, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, produced by the largest task force of social scientists ever assembled to study the influence of obscenity on people, concluded that hard-core pornography does not cause any increase in sexual crimes or alter the direction of sexual desires. I think it's regrettable that many of our political leaders have disavowed the finding of this remarkable study merely because the conclusions it reached were unpopular. I don't believe there is any form of literature that is capable of producing antisocial conduct.

children illegal. Most states in this country have similar laws prohibiting the sale of obscenity to persons under the age of eighteen. However, the reading habits of adults cannot be limited to what is fit for children to read or see. Otherwise we would be limited to reading *Alice in Wonderland* and *Little Red Riding Hood*.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Out of a hundred years a few minutes were made that stayed with me, not a hundred years.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

I AM IN FAVOR OF LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION FOR THE SAME REASONS I AM OPPOSED TO CENSORSHIP. //

recognized. For instance, free speech is an X-rated movie playing in a nice neighborhood; it's truckloads of hard hats rolling down Main Street with big signs that say "Love It or Leave It"; a couple of years ago, it was young kids tramping around a federal courthouse shouting "Hell, no, we won't go"; it's the American flag sewn to the back of a pair of old blue jeans; it's long hair, beards, black leather jackets, Screw magazine, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and HUSTLER. It's all of that and much more. But whatever form it takes, it is indivisible; we cannot save it for one man and deny it to another. Free speech has to exist for all of us or the real risk is that it may not exist for any of us.

HUSTLER: What do you consider the most controversial case you've ever worked on?

FAHRINGER: I suppose the most controversial and the one that was most publicized is that of Monique Von Cleef.

HUSTLER: Could you tell us a little bit about that?

continued on page 104

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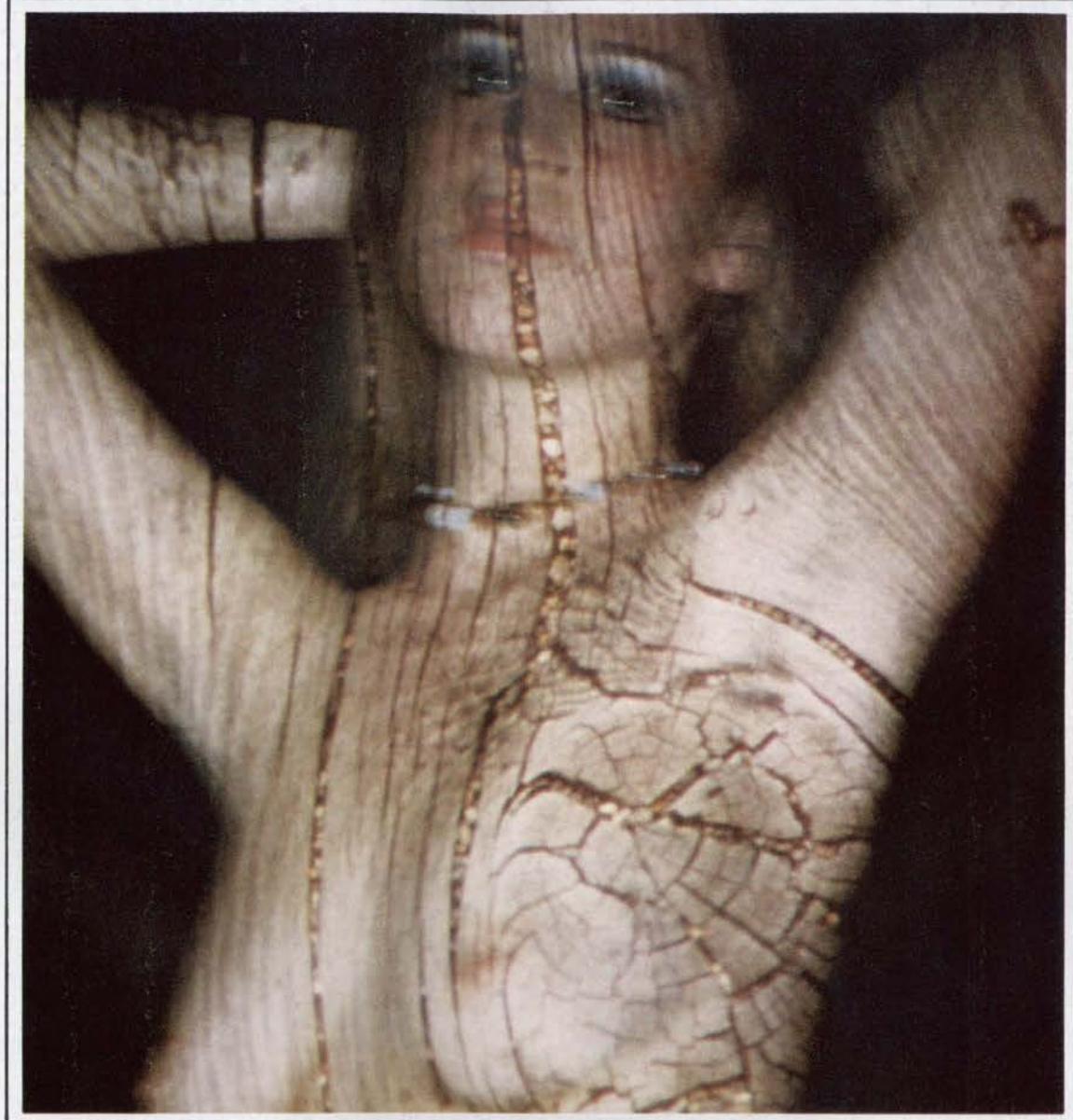
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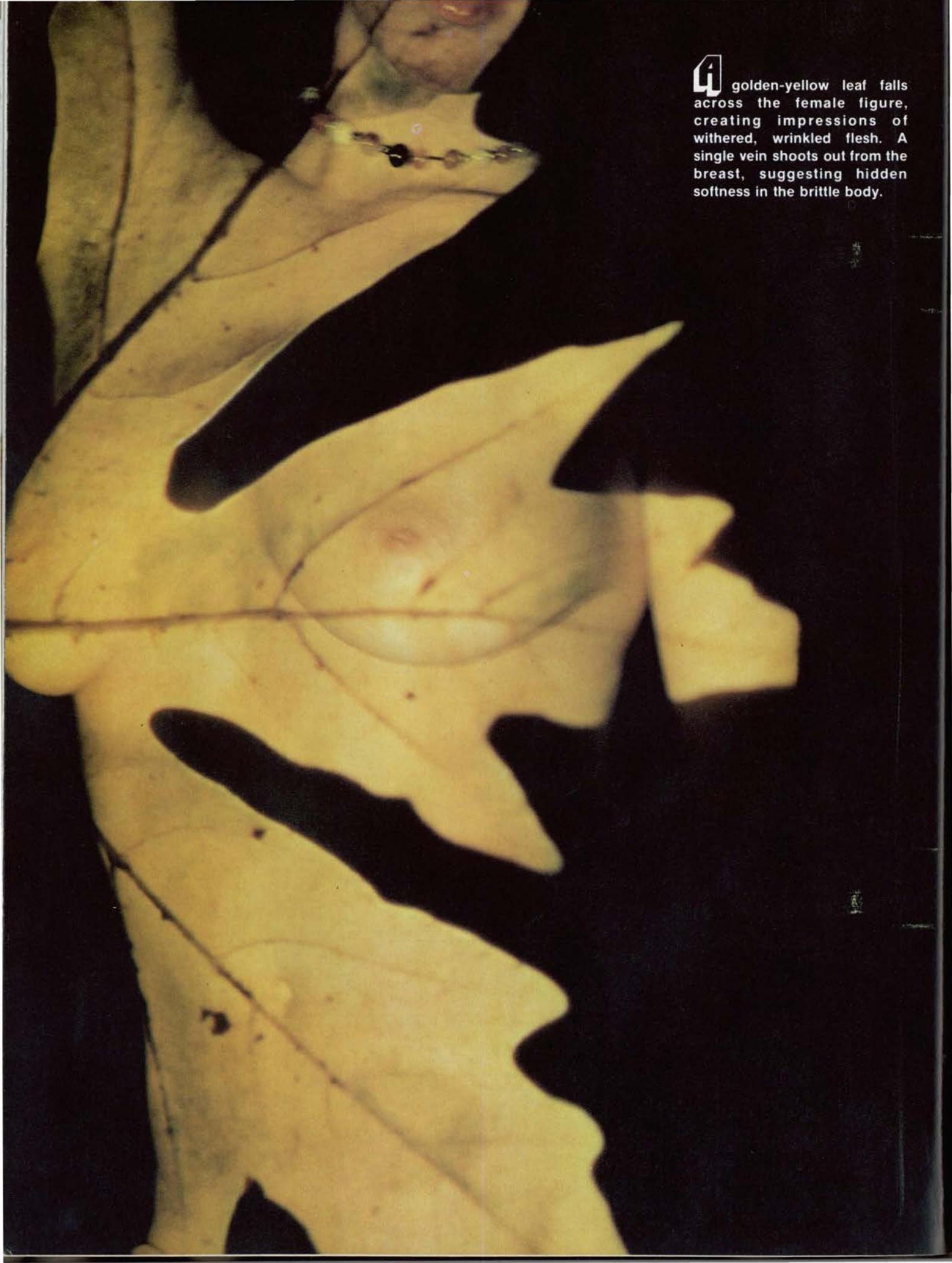
of gushing fountains and rockhard marble domes. The

building's spire cleaves a woman in two and suggests her role in politics.

Weathered by salt and winds, this aged plank lends a cracked surface to this nymph's nimble shape. Rollans has seen to it that the broken knothole falls in its most suggestive spot.

4

golden-yellow leaf falls across the female figure, creating impressions of withered, wrinkled flesh. A single vein shoots out from the breast, suggesting hidden softness in the brittle body.



R

Rollans' self-portrait reveals his inner urgings to peep into the outer world and find its erotic fancy. Humorously, he portrays this lass with one of her knobs missing and two tarnished brass screws pinching her pelvis.

If Art holds a mirror up to life, then Clarence M. Rollans' camera erotically reflects life's image.



FAHRINGER

continued from page 98

FAHRINGER: Well, Monique was a lady labeled by the press as a sado-masochist. She was charged with maintaining a house in New Jersey where men went with rather bizarre sexual appetites. It was claimed that she whipped them, spanked them, put them in chains and generally punished them. Her house was raided by the police and she was charged with a variety of sexual offenses. After her conviction I appealed her case to the United States Supreme Court, where we were successful. The conviction was reversed and the charges dismissed because of the violation of her right to privacy. The police had failed to obtain a search warrant and for that reason the Court reversed her conviction.

HUSTLER: Has your experience in the theater or on television helped you in the courtroom?

FAHRINGER: I expect so. When I try a law suit I tend to be rather dramatic and flamboyant. I am convinced that in order to make your client's cause attractive to a jury you must dramatize it. I try to do this gracefully and with dignity.

HUSTLER: Do you have any preference in trying a case before a jury or a judge?

FAHRINGER: My preference is a jury because that process involves the collective judgment of twelve people rather than one. By multiplying judgments we tend to reduce the margin of error, and for that reason I prefer a jury.

HUSTLER: If you could make some changes in our legal system, what would you recommend?

FAHRINGER: I would like to see a more equal distribution of legal services to the public. I'm afraid the poor and the underprivileged are not getting the quality of legal service they deserve. I would advocate a system that would furnish them with better representation.

Furthermore, I think our judicial system is top-heavy with judicial officers who were former prosecutors. This imbalance has created a built-in bias in our criminal justice system. There seems to be a lack of concern today for individual liberties that I believe harms our whole constitutional structure.

HUSTLER: Many critics of sexual freedom seem to feel that permissiveness leads to a moral deterioration in our society. What is your opinion of the present state of the country's morality?

FAHRINGER: I tend to believe that sexually explicit plays, movies and books hold up a mirror to a society's private fantasies. I think it's a reflection of a cultural mood. We all wonder from time to time how far it will go, but I'm confident the moral fiber of this country is unaffected by sexual permissiveness.

HUSTLER: Do you think morality in this country is decaying?

FAHRINGER: I don't know. I have trouble

understanding that phenomenon. I became much more concerned about scandals like the Watergate incident, which convulsed this nation and drenched the White House in shame. Political espionage of that nature is far more alarming to me than dirty books and sexy movies.

HUSTLER: A big controversy last summer was the nude beaches; once again, this is a form of expression. What's your opinion on this?

FAHRINGER: I don't understand why anybody would want to interfere with people walking along a beach in the nude. I understand that these beaches were designed so that they are private. In other words, if you didn't want to see people in the nude or be in the nude yourself, you didn't have to walk in these areas. I am unable to understand why anybody would get upset about anything as trivial as that.

HUSTLER: Have you ever defended a rapist?

FAHRINGER: Yes.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about the charge of rape itself? Are the courts handling it properly in terms of sentencing?

FAHRINGER: My experience has been that rape cases fall into two categories. First, there is always the serious question whether there was in fact a rape. That is, did the girl consent or was she forced to engage in sexual conduct? The second type is the violent rape where a woman is actually assaulted. In the latter situation it has been my experience that those men need psychiatric help and it doesn't serve any purpose to put them in prison. They should be hospitalized.

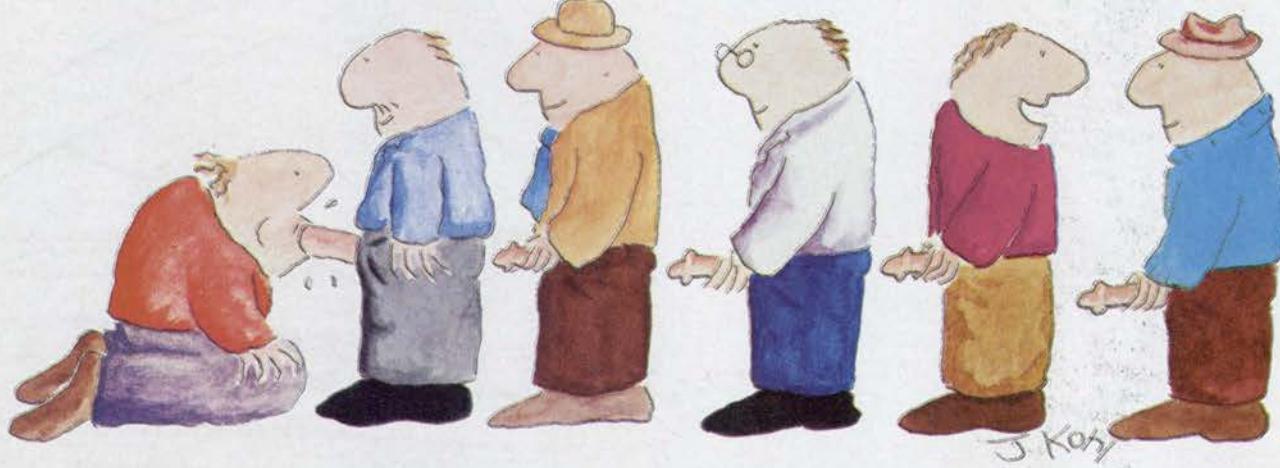
HUSTLER: What are your feelings about prison reform?

continued on page 117

THE PHILOSOPHER

I believe that the soul consists of its sufferings. For the soul that cures its sufferings dies.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



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HUSTLER

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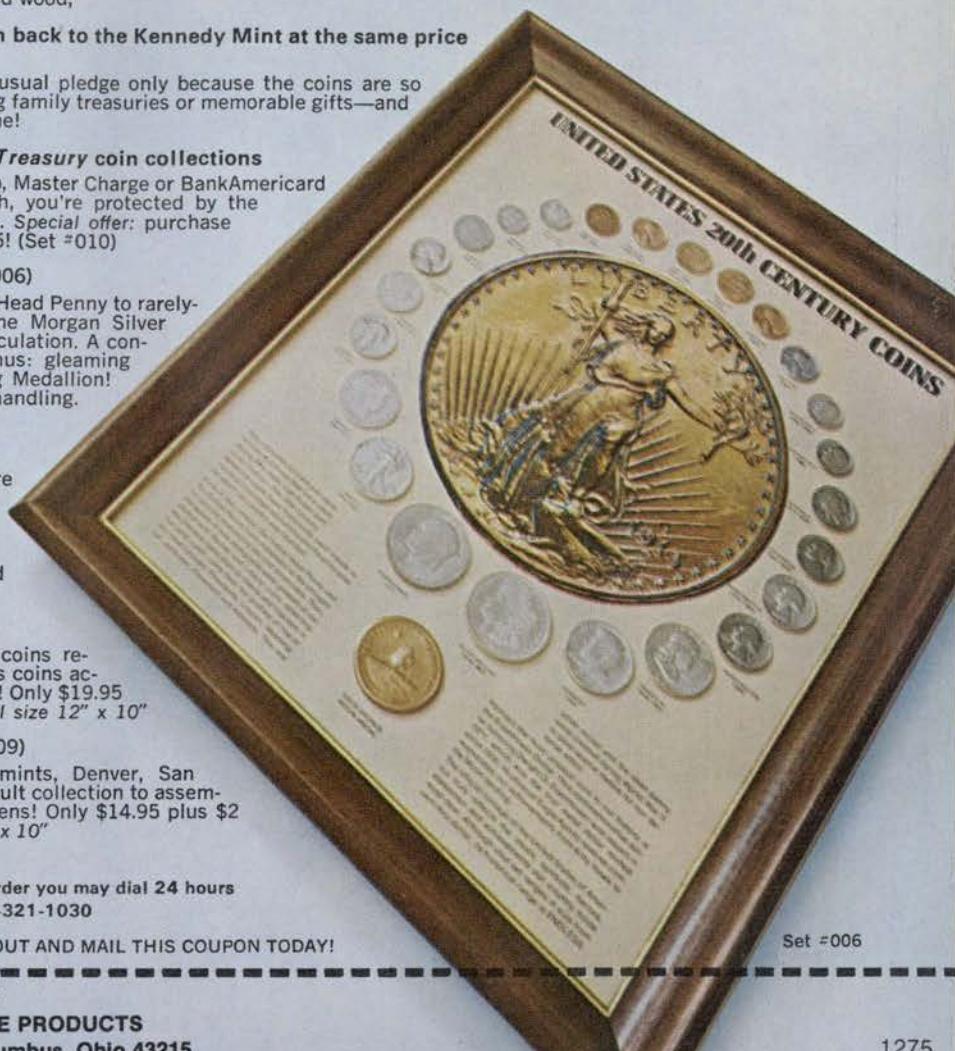
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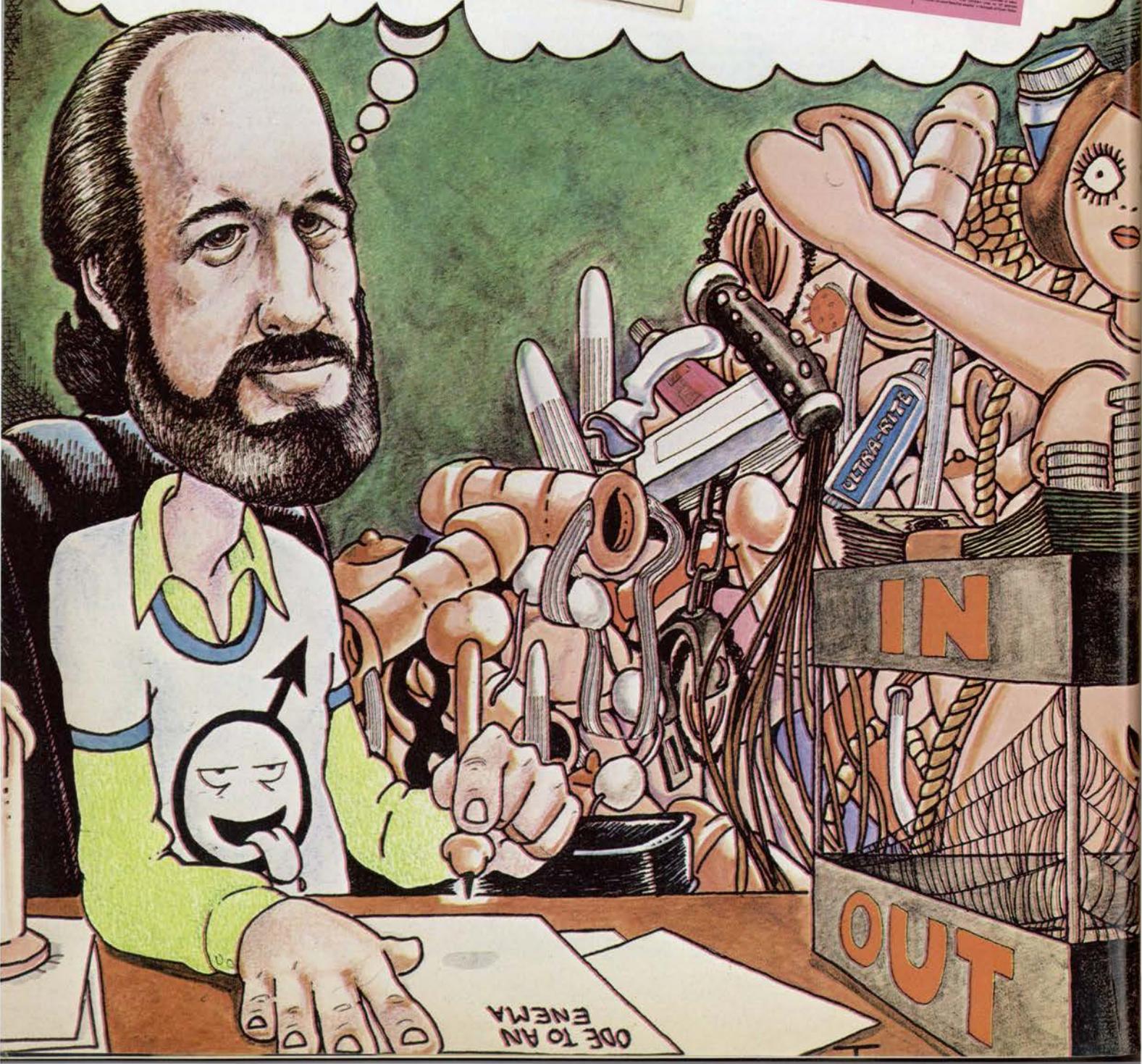
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HUSTLER PROFILE

LARRY ROSENSTEIN

**The Baron of Beaver,
Butts and Bondage
Breaks His Silence
and Tells How a \$200
Investment Became
an Empire of Erotica**

by
Patrick William Salvo

If you're into sex, you're into sex publications; and if you're into sex publications, it's almost a sure bet that at one time or another you've seen at least one of the sex papers produced in California by Larry Rosenstein, alias Larry Ross, alias Wilton Place, the driving force behind Jaundice Press, Inc., publishers of *San Francisco Ball*, *Gaytimes*, *Fetish Times* and *National Swing*. Those four papers (for adults only) form the backbone of Rosenstein's publishing empire and have conferred upon him the title of "Baron of Beavers."

We didn't know what to expect when we arrived at Rosenstein's Jaundice Towers office. Would we find girls in the halls, diddling with dildos? Would we be interrupting an orgy? Would we be invited to

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join? None of the above. The Jaundice offices are more like a respectable ad agency than our preconceptions of what a porn publication's offices would be like. There are a few erotic illustrations on the walls, some cover art from paperback books Rosenstein has produced, but the decor is mostly muted, in good taste. An antique phonograph shares space with a salt water fish tank, tasteful paintings and graphics are framed and hanging on the walls, photos of his dog are strangely prominent. The carpet is thick. The furniture is comfortable. The lighting is soft.

That same good taste and decorative flair (not surprising in an artist and former art director) is evident in Rosenstein's hilltop mansion in Beverly Hills. Although not a mansion by Hugh Hefner's standards, the house is large, filled with light and potted plants (the only kind of pot he allows). On weekends especially, it is thronged with beautiful people happily cavorting in the Olympic-sized swimming pool, which dominates the terraced grounds and features one of the most breathtaking views to be found in Beverly Hills.

The girls at these affairs always outnumber the guys by a minimum of two to one, variety being all-important to Rosenstein. Needless to say, everyone leaves his clothes at the door. Strictly the businessman in the office, Rosenstein relaxes and unwinds on weekends in a manner that every red-blooded male dreams of.

He is a tall, slim, bearded man with phenomenal energy and an inhuman drive to succeed. Ten years in California have changed the former Brooklynite into the informal, charming and horny man we met. Everyone in his offices, from the lowliest slave on the *Fetish Times* staff to the receptionist, calls him Larry. He hasn't been seen in a tie for years ("I dust one off occasionally for special fetish events"). His all-over California tan never fades—even if he has to fly to Acapulco in the winter to maintain it.

Until recently, Rosenstein went to even greater lengths to keep his true identity a secret, for years using the pseudonym Wilton Place—which is also a well-known street in Hollywood, the West Coast sexual capital of the world. In past times, he let his products speak for themselves while maintaining a low profile personally. Now he is coming out of the closet, partly because of the changing attitude toward sexual products, but mostly because he feels he

can do so without losing his tan in jail.

Despite the informality prevalent in the Jaundice offices, (laughingly titled such, because of their "yellow" journalistic tactics), the place is a four-day-a-week beehive of activity. Larry calls it "creativity on demand." In addition to the bi-weekly *San Francisco Ball* and the monthly-issued *Gaytimes*, *Fetish Times* and *National Swing*, Rosenstein recently purchased three swinger magazines, *International Action*, *Friends & Lovers* and *Loving Couples*. He is financially involved in the "fetish scene" with Roxbury Press Publications, which includes *Enema Hotline*, *Bottom Line* and *PowerLine*. These toilet bowl and whip & chain activities are aimed at enema lovers, shit lovers, spanking enthusiasts and kinky S&M fanatics. Additionally, Rosenstein "the Rogue" packages sex magazines for other

publishers and recently started a new mail-order business, under the stiff and starchy name, "Permanent Press," offering the buying public such "fucking and sucking paraphernalia" as marital aids, penis enlargers, aphrodisiacs, leather and rubber goods, books, magazines, etc. During the Christmas climax, Larry Rosenstein is referred to as "The Saint Nick's of Pricks."

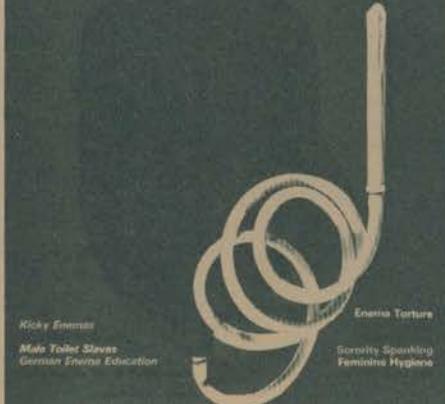
At the hump of all this activity is Rosenstein. Although he gives full creative liberty to his staff of writers, editors, artists, and snatch snappers (photographers), it is his business acumen and spurts of energy and drive that keep the business juices flowing, the products coming and the moolah bulging in his pocket.

"Like any good Jewish boy from Brooklyn, I got into the sex business by accident. A fellow I knew asked me to lay out a girlie magazine. We pooled our

FEISH TIMES: OF ALL THE JAUNDICE PUBLICATIONS, THIS UNIQUE TABLOID COVERS EVERY PERVERSION KNOWN TO MAN.

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RAUNCH COLLECTORS BONANZA!



resources—a cool \$200—and put it together. The magazine was called *Seize*, the first lesbian magazine ever done."

Seize, a sensation ten years ago, could today be a supplement in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It showed two girls nude from the waist up and kissing. The partners sold the package to a publisher for \$1500 and were commissioned to do another, since the first, according to Rosenstein, "sold like crazy."

The original publisher pulled out on the next issue, however. So, with a little credit from the printer, Rosenstein and friend went ahead with the second issue, hawking it personally to stores in San Francisco, San Diego, and Los Angeles, and to a publisher in the Midwest. Rosenstein and his partner wound up with a profit of \$8000 each and, "I was in the porno business for good."

The first publisher of *Seize* hasn't done too badly since. He is Irv Munch, now the

owner of *Game* and a host of other girlie and specialty mags. But according to Larry, Munch "still is interested primarily in selling shit. He takes a beautiful 9" x 12" magazine from England, cuts it down to 8½" x 11", sometimes losing tops of heads, hands and feet, and foists it off on the American market."

From packaging magazines to the sex tabloid business was an easy step. He bought the *San Francisco Ball* from a hippie kid in Berkeley who had started the paper and was sinking fast after 29 issues. Rosenstein and staff turned it around by injecting the adolescent fun and sick humor which is its trademark today. And according to Rosenstein, that is what continues to set it apart from its East Coast competitor, *Screw*. Regardless of his optimism, of course, *Screw* is clearly the front runner in this type of raunch.

A couple of years later, with the *Ball* rolling, Rosenstein began to look around for a new venture. Gay liberation was just getting into full swing around the nation and a gay sex paper seemed a logical next addition to the Jaundice "family of friendly perversions."

Hiring people who are experts in their positions, Rosenstein called in Robert Leighton to put together a gay paper. *Gaytimes*, a mixture of gay sex stories, reviews of books and films, explicit photos and articles on gay liberation, was an immediate success.

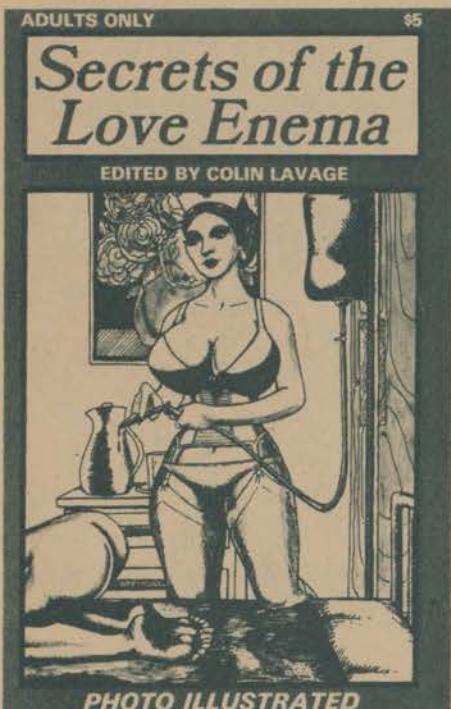
Two more papers, *National Swing* and *Fetish Times*, quickly followed. *Swing* was propositioned from a young swinging couple who had been publishing a newsstand paper in California, but, when repressive laws leveled at sidewalk sales from local vending machines were enacted, they asked Larry to help them put together a national paper. Soon after, the husband was stricken with a heart attack and had to retire. Rosenstein took over both editions of the paper, eventually selling the local edition.

Soon, it occurred to the "Sexual Svengali" that the only branch of the sex business his string of papers didn't cover adequately was the fetish area, and *Fetish Times* was born. Undoubtedly the most outrageous of all the Jaundice publications, this unique tabloid covers every perversion known to man. Bondage and enemas, spanking and humiliation, water sports and scat; even a bloody Kotex was featured on the cover of one issue.

Being constantly surrounded by sex has naturally left Rosenstein somewhat jaded. "It becomes difficult to separate fantasy from reality. When I first got into this business I didn't know a fetish from a fetus. Now I take it for granted that getting laid daily by at least one chick is the normal day-to-day routine."

Larry describes his typical day as starting out with 50 laps before jumping into his pool for a swim. Arriving at his office, he surveys his empire, reads his morning mail, and barks out his orders for the day. "At least once a week a chick will turn up in the middle of the day, her one objective being to cop my joint." If his schedule permits, he lets her. "It's unavoidable. There are actually 'porno groupies' who think it's a big deal to suck a smut-king's cock. I don't try to discourage their thinking. After all, I'm not that great looking."

continued on page 125



I LIKE TO SAY THAT
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THREE-LETTER WORD;
BOTH ARE
SYNONYMOUS WITH
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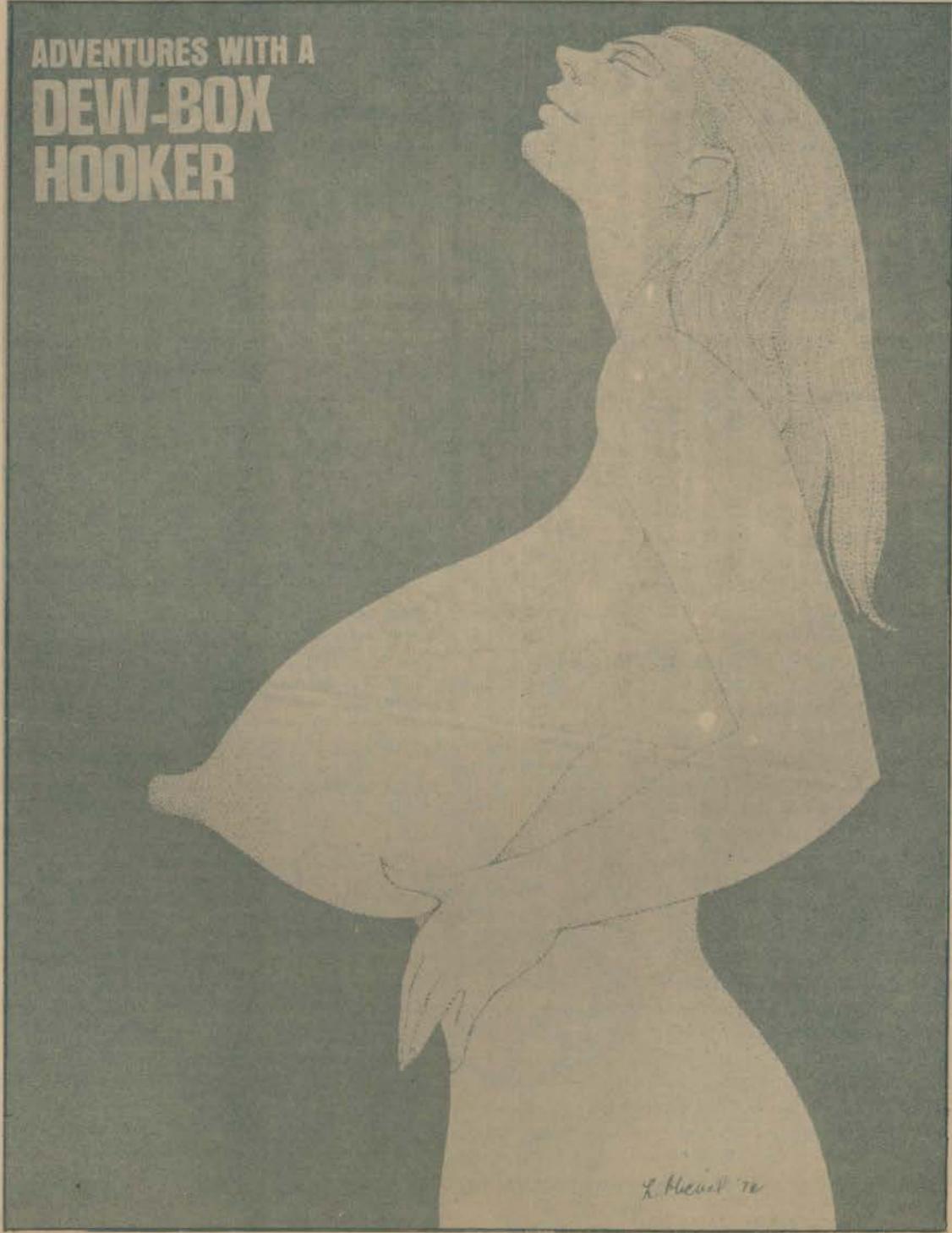
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L. Michel '76

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Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

By Barry Cooper

I had just stepped out of a cold shower and was rubbing myself briskly with a big turkish towel feeling strong, healthy, and very much alive. Looking down at my flat groin and tanned skin I was pleased that I had remained active. At 36 my body looked better than many men at 20. I thought of the early morning dew on the grass and the sun just peeking over the horizon as I teed off on the first hole at Green Haven. I really should do that more often, and maybe even play a short nine once in a while before going to work. Lost in my thoughts, the ringing of the phone seemed far away. When I realized it had probably been ringing for some time, I scurried for the kitchen phone, leaving wet footprints behind me. It was Phil.

"This is Phil, remember? Phil and Carol from the party the other night." I remembered them. They were a new couple that had just moved to Brooklyn Park, so we had invited them to the house party we were so fond of giving every other Saturday night. Carol was a cute brunette with hair flowing down her shoulders. The dress she wore that night looked almost topless—like she would fall out of it if she moved too fast. She was so pretty and I was so attracted to her, I couldn't help myself from asking her to dance with me most of the night. She had told me she was 4'11" and 95 lbs and a 34 D. I never saw a 34 so big in all my life.

"Sure, Phil, I remember you well," I hastened to say as he paused on the other end of the phone. "What can I do for you?"

Phil hesitated, his voice was excited and the message seemed urgent as he asked me over to the house to talk with him. He told me that he had been laid-off in the same breath as he gave me the directions on how to get to his place. Soft touch Charlie, I thought. Hell, I don't even know the guy and here he is trying to put the touch on me. I should call him back and tell him I

can't come. But then I thought of Carol again and how nice it would be to see her.

I pulled on a pair of slacks and a sport shirt and grabbed my keys and checkbook from the dresser as I started for the door. Marlene and the kids were gone for the whole weekend. I couldn't think of a better thing to do on a nice day like this than looking at Carol for a couple of hours. As I drove the short way to their house I wondered what she would be wearing. Maybe short shorts and a halter that would show off more of her milk-white skin. Phil I couldn't figure out. He had looked at me kind of funny when I danced with his wife so much at the party, but it wasn't really jealousy—it was something else.

I flipped open my checkbook to a balance of \$101.67. Well, if it was a loan that he was after, he sure wouldn't get much. Pay day wasn't till next Friday and I would need at least half of that to live on till then. And savings was something that nobody in the project in this part of town had. The homes were new and the prices high. The young people moving in here did so on a shoe-string. No, Phil wouldn't get much from me.

One thing was for sure, he sure as hell was anxious. I had hardly pulled into the driveway and shut off the motor when he came out of the house to greet me with a hearty handshake and an arm on the shoulder as we walked to the door where Carol was standing. She had a pitcher of iced tea in her hand. She opened the door and motioned for me to come into the kitchen to sit down. The glasses were filled with ice to the brim and spaced on the table as if they had been expecting me.

Carol wasn't wearing the short shorts that I had hoped for, but rather the shortest damn hot pink skirt she could have put on and still have it said that she was wearing anything. On top she had an elastic cloth of some kind about a half foot wide that was the same color and like to burst at the seams it was stretching so. My God, she was sexy! I tried to remain cool and pretend that I hardly noticed, but I wasn't doing a very good job of it. I pulled my chair back from the table a bit when I sat down facing her, hoping to see more of her pretty legs. No luck. She sat so close to the table I couldn't see her skirt at all, but what showed above was no disappointment.

Phil broke the spell as he sat down and started talking about the recession and all



of the lay-offs at his plant. He was saying that it took 5 to 6 weeks before they would even start getting Unemployment. "Hell, a man could starve by that time," he said as he got up quickly and opened the refrigerator door and went to the cupboard to show me how little food they had in the house. He was emphatic about Carol's not working. Besides, whatever she found would hardly pay for an extra car and extra expense of the job, anyway. Now I got the picture. He knew that I worked for the county welfare department, so he was going to ask me about food stamps.

Phil looked at Carol and she back at him and a lot of meaning passed between them that I did not understand as she licked her lips coyly. But I was kind of surprised as Phil went on to say, "Maybe you could just help us out with a few things until I started getting my checks. I hate to go begging for welfare or food stamps either, for that matter."

Carol interrupted her husband and looked full at me as she promised to pay back everything I gave them just as soon as they got their first unemployment check. She was saying something else about making it worth my while, but my mind just wasn't working very fast. It wasn't until she slid her chair back from the table and spread her legs apart that it dawned on me what she had meant. She wasn't wearing a damned thing under that skirt. Her pussy hair was thick and full and some of it was growing just a little bit down her legs. I couldn't say a word. I looked at Phil, then back at her and I understood now what she was saying. She just smiled and took my hand as she got up and started leading me to the bedroom. Phil called, "I'll freshen our drinks and join you. Be sure to turn the air conditioner up to 10."

Her hands were cool and felt sweet and exciting to my skin as she unbuttoned my pants and dropped them to the floor. I had not even bothered to put on a pair of shorts. She took my cock in her hands for a minute or two and played teasingly with it before taking off my shirt and slipping out of her own clothes. My God, she was beautiful. She dropped to one knee and licked my cock and balls before taking the full 7½ inches deep in her throat. Phil came into the bedroom about this time, but Carol didn't even bother to look up. Phil dropped his clothes and took off his shirt after setting the tray of iced tea on the dresser and saying

quite normally that he hoped he had gotten the right amount of sugar in it. Phil's cock was almost twice as big around as mine but not nearly so long, probably 5 or 5½ inches. He walked over to his wife and made gentle motions for her to stand up. When she did she pushed me back on the bed and then braced herself facing me with her legs spread apart bending over from the waist.

« Carol was bent over my lap; she pressed back to Phil as he held her hips and pounded away. »

Phil ran his fingers along her cunt and, noting that it was really juicy, proceeded to insert his cock into her.

She moved her hips to help him and moaned as it burrowed into her. I was wondering if she could really take it full that way. She didn't really look big enough. But Phil had no trouble at all slipping his cock into her. I could hear the juices as he plunged back and forth. God, I was hot. I was almost ready to come in her mouth when Phil made a moaning sound and began to fuck her faster. Carol pressed harder back to him as he held her hips and pounded away. When he came we all enjoyed it with him, maybe Carol most of all.

I was just going to ask to trade positions when Phil pulled out of her with jizz dripping

from his cock and her cunt. It ran down her leg as she stood there with most of her weight on her left foot. She stopped with me and turned to him and licked all of the come from his cock and balls. As she was bending over near me I wanted to eat her. I had never fucked a woman after she had just been fucked by another man, let alone licked her off, but Carol was so beautiful and I was so hot I wasn't thinking of things like that right then. I simply pulled her over on the bed and spread her legs and dived into that honey pot.

The jizz had started to run down the cheeks of her ass in a thick whitish liquid and I licked it all off of her pussy and legs. The smell and taste of her excited me even more. I had waited long enough. I lay full on her and had intended to guide my cock with my left hand into her, but there was no need. She was so wet and juicy my cock slid inside without my help. How sweet and beautiful she felt. I don't know when I had ever enjoyed a cunt so much. I was in ecstasy, sheer happiness. If heaven isn't like this then I don't want to go. I rotated my cock around in her, lifting and watching it slide in and out as Phil stood beside the bed and watched me fuck his wife and she continued to play with his cock and balls.

She stopped sucking for a minute and asked Phil to get the slipper. He walked back to the closet and opened the door. Even though I continued fucking her, plunging deep and hot inside of her, I was conscious of Phil looking for something in the closet. In a minute he was back by the bed holding a pair of leather slippers in his hand. "Let me on top for awhile," she said as she rolled to get on top. She lay there with her legs astraddle mine, with my cock deep in her as she lifted up and down on me in a sitting position. "You are really long. I like that," she smiled, and then lay on me again to french kiss me as she fucked in slow easy strokes. She was sliding from side to side with her pretty ass up in the air when I heard the crack of the leather hitting her skin. At the same second she lunged forward hard, and my cock struck the bottom of her cunt, bending somewhat from the sheer force of it. It kind of hurt and kind of felt good. I knew it had to have hurt her, too. "Harder," was the only thing she said as she looked back over her shoulder at her husband standing there with a hard-on and a slipper in hand.

I asked what the hell was going on and she explained that she really never got it off unless she lay across Phil's lap with his cock in her and he spanked her as hard as he could. But she went on to add that this was much, much better and that she liked the hurt of my cock pulling away at the bottom of her cunt. For the next 30 minutes Phil slapped her on the ass every few minutes. Each time she would lunge down on my stiff shaft and moan. She must have come a dozen times. Her cunt was wet and the juices were running down my cock and onto my belly. Our hair was completely wet. I don't remember how many times I came. Maybe 4 or 5. I can't remember coming so many times in such a short period of time with any woman before or since Carol. After awhile we just lay there, enjoying the sweetness of sex.

I could feel Phil's hand on my balls as he felt my cock in his wife. He then got on the bed behind her. For a minute I thought he was going to try to put his cock in her ass.

But no, he was sliding it into her cunt right along side of my cock. She arched her back and pushed back against him as he entered her and stretched her cunt. It was a strange but good feeling as I felt his cock slide along mine in her. His balls would bounce against mine at the depth of his thrust. She moved back and forth. No matter which way she moved, one of us pushed deeper into her. The excitement and thrill was enough to stir me to come again and before I had finished she moaned and squirmed, acknowledging that she too was coming. Phil waited for a couple of more strokes and then he too came. His hot come gushed from her pussy and washed my cock and balls.

We had managed to soak the sheets, as

the cream dripped between my legs and down my ass onto the bed. Phil pulled out and went to the bathroom, returning in a moment to hand us each a hot wash cloth. Carol first reached over and licked and sucked him and then did the same for me before washing us both off. As she was washing him and laying there half on her side and half on her back again I could not help myself from kissing and licking her cunt. What a woman!

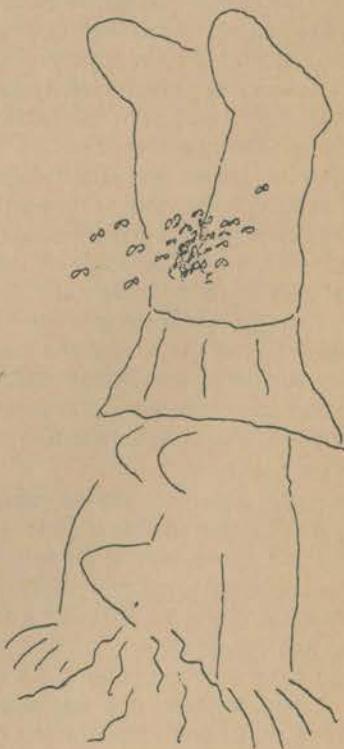
We finished our cold drinks at a gulp. We then lay on the bed for awhile with Carol between us, talking and sharing the experience for some time before showering and dressing again.

Our agreement worked out so well that it continued for several years after Phil went back to work again. But during that five-week period we developed relationships that would never be forgotten. After the second week, we were able to get my pretty blond wife Marlene to join us—but that is another story to be told another time. ■

THE PHILOSOPHER

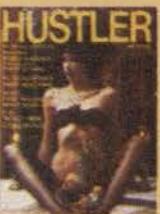
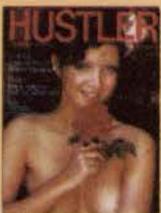
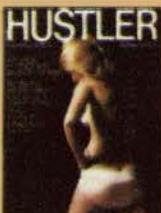
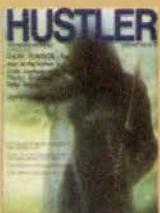
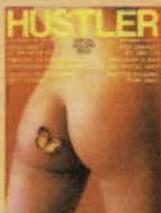
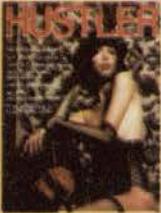
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FAHRINGER

continued from page 104

FAHRINGER: I think penal institutions have been sadly neglected over the past century. Prisons are no more than large warehouses. There is no such thing as rehabilitation. The mood of most penal institutions is one of absolute hopelessness.

HUSTLER: Who do you feel is responsible for this deplorable situation?

FAHRINGER: I would have to say a lack of public concern. You can't really blame the prison officials because their resources have been severely curtailed. We need better-trained personnel and more money to implement progressive programs.

HUSTLER: What are your feelings about capital punishment?

FAHRINGER: I'm opposed to it. If it is wrong for one person to take the life of another, then I believe it is wrong for the state to take a life. Surveys have proven that it has no deterrent value because 87 per cent of the homicides committed in this country involve people who are acquainted with one another. These murders usually occur in a fit of rage. Consequently, the offender is not thinking about the penalty he will suffer when he strikes, stabs or shoots the victim.

HUSTLER: Would you have represented Richard Nixon if he had called upon you?

FAHRINGER: Yes. Since any man is entitled to a defense, as I have indicated before, no matter how guilty, I would have felt obliged to represent him. Although his views and mine are a thousand light years apart, I would have tried to mount for him a good defense.

HUSTLER: Do you like to be referred to as a criminal lawyer?

FAHRINGER: No, not really. I prefer to be called a lawyer who defends criminal cases. I have been referred to as a Constitutional lawyer and that pleases me. I am very proud of that designation.

HUSTLER: Who are some of the lawyers that you have a great deal of respect for, that you feel have made contributions to the expansion of Constitutional safeguards?

FAHRINGER: Well, in the field of Constitutional law, I have a great deal of respect for a man like Edward Bennett Williams, who is a fine criminal defense lawyer. I know him personally and have the utmost admiration for him. Of course, some of your leading Constitutional lawyers teach in law schools like Harvard, Yale or Columbia.

HUSTLER: You represented Buddy Rich in connection with his drug bust. What was the outcome of that case?

FAHRINGER: We were successful; I had

the charges dismissed against him on legal grounds.

HUSTLER: So, I imagine you have a drummer for a friend now, too.

FAHRINGER: Yes, I hope so.

HUSTLER: How much of a reflection of your own sexual attitudes do you feel is prevalent in some of the pornography cases you've handled?

FAHRINGER: My sexual needs are quite pedestrian. So that feature of my make-up has never had much influence on me in terms of the type of cases I have taken.

HUSTLER: You're basically heterosexual?

FAHRINGER: Very much so.

HUSTLER: Do you have any close family members?

FAHRINGER: I have two sisters. One is married to an engineer and lives in Chicago, and the other is married to a minister and lives in Virginia. My mother is still alive and she lives in Georgia. But other than that, I am all alone.

HUSTLER: How do the members of your

family and your other business associates feel about some of the clients you represent?

FAHRINGER: Well, my sister who is married to a minister is not too enthusiastic about some of the obscenity cases I have defended. The partners in my law firm are good enough lawyers to understand that no matter how unattractive my clients, they are entitled to a good defense.

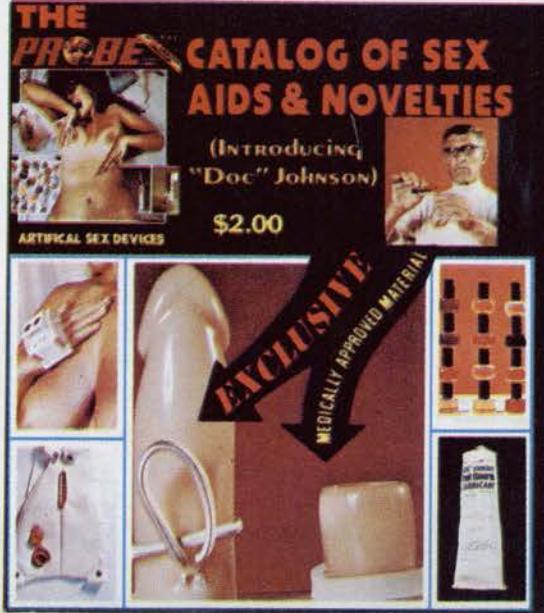
HUSTLER: Are you happy in your profession?

FAHRINGER: Very much. I couldn't do anything else.

HUSTLER: What do you hope to achieve with these humanitarian crusades that seem to be incorporated into your life-style as an attorney?

FAHRINGER: I think man's highest achievement is improving the welfare of his fellow man. I guess my highest hope is that when I leave this world I can look back and feel that in some small way I've left it a better place in which to live. 

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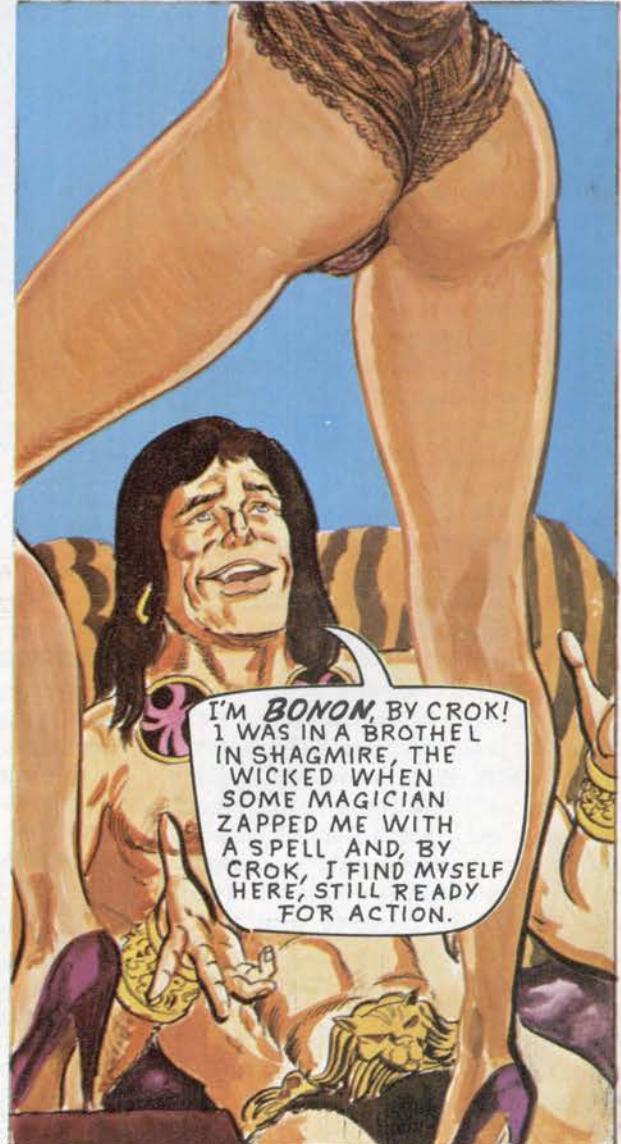
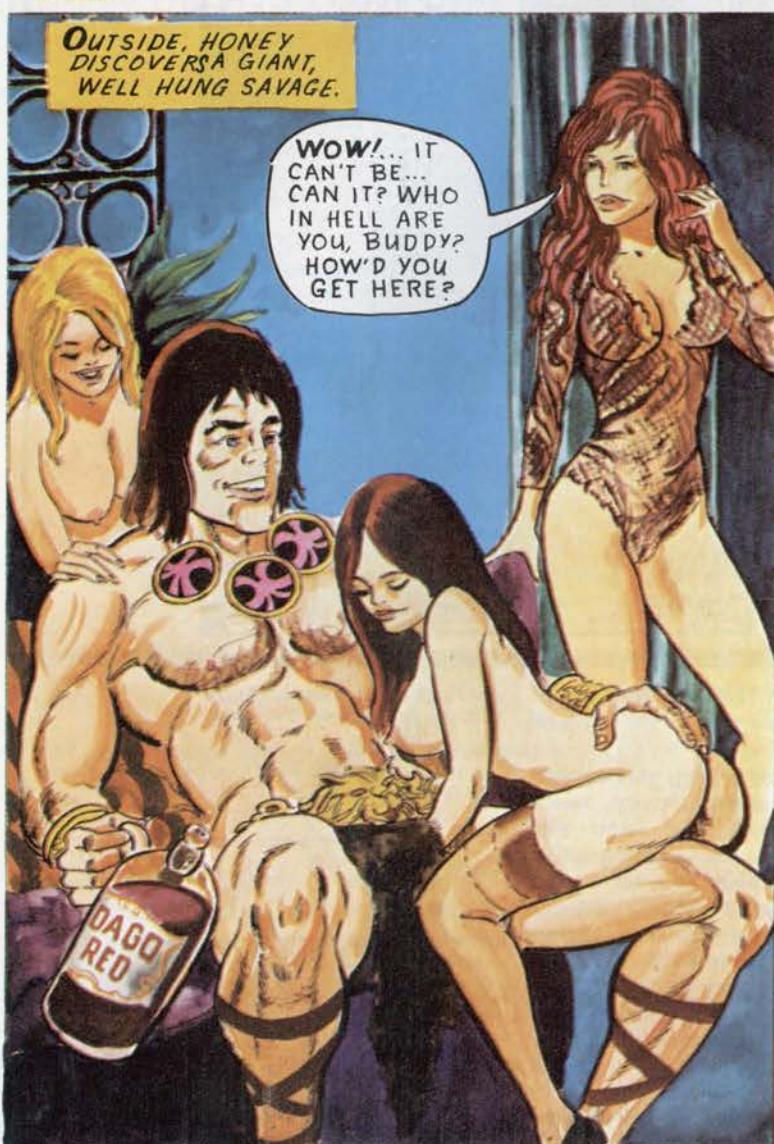
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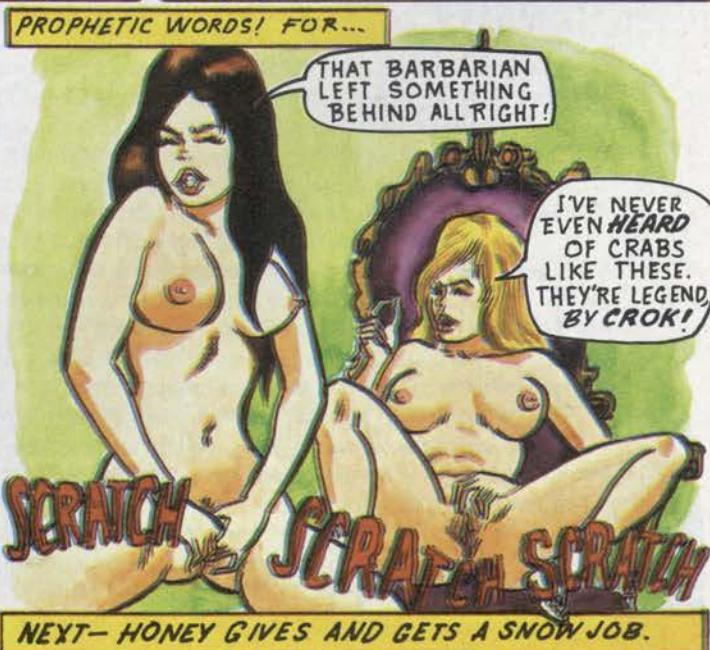
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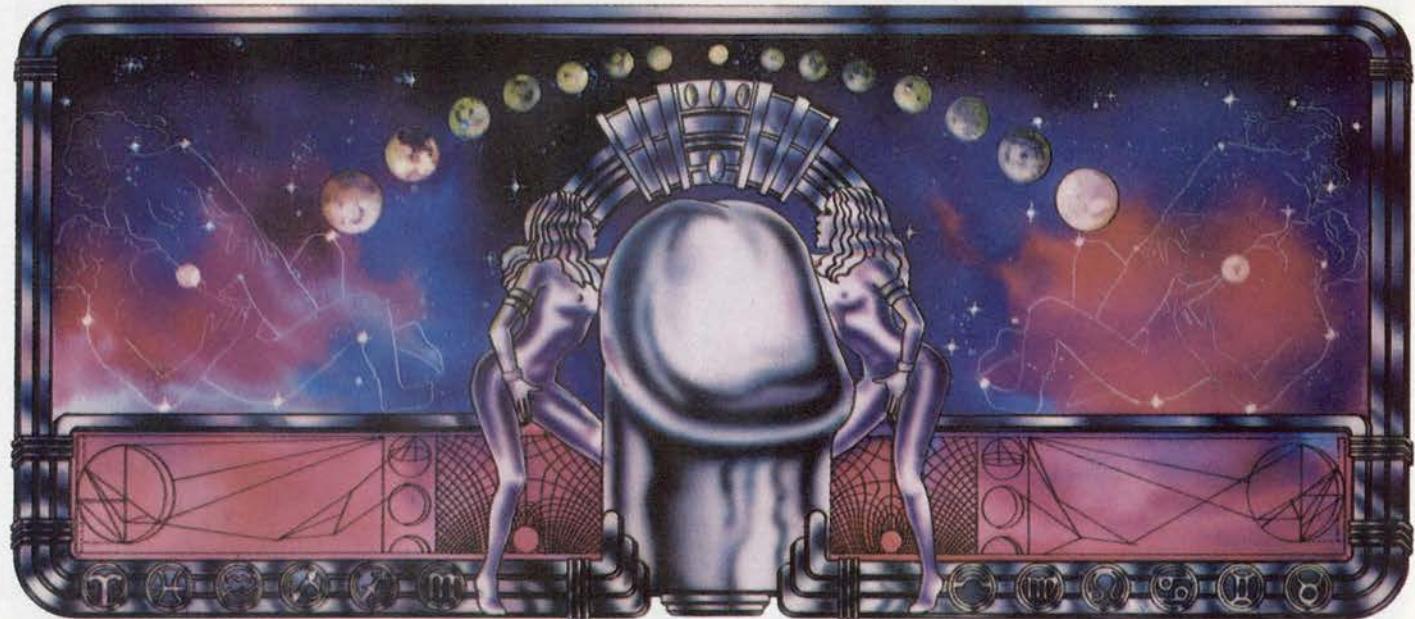
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HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY

by Fickling

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

"Jingle balls, jingle balls, jingle all the way!"

Yes, it is the season to make Mary, and you "sock-it-to-em" Sagittarians are primed and ready for some real holiday fun.

But don't overdo it, like last month, and get your balls busted. You know damned well you are easily tempted to outdo everybody at the orgy. If Jack boasts he blew his stick six times with six different girlies, you'll stack a dozen end-to-end and leapfrog yourself to death!

Save some of that amazing vitality for your own sign—a sensual, sadistic, salacious Sagittarian sweetheart. Talk about going "ape!" You two will probably swing from the rafters, the Christmas tree and who-knows-what-else to get your kicks.

One warning though: holidays are emotional times and Sagittarians are weepy sentimentalists. You two may wind up screaming and crying while in the saddle and licking tears off each other's privates.

Also, try to limit your stinging statements and querulous questions this month, because the average person may either panic or systematically side-step your company. This is especially true in your work or business right now. Despite your usual run of luck, you should try to avoid serious confrontations or you could lose some valuable ground. In other words, don't fuck yourself—as happens sometimes.

Also, watch those embarrassingly flirtatious situations, especially at an office party where you may get caught with your hand up the boss' wife's dress and wind up with an outta-sight finger and out of a job!

Feisty Frank Sinatra is a Sag, and he may get into a peck of trouble this month with his hands and mouth if he doesn't watch it—so take a cotton-picking leaf from his fig tree and don't take any foolish "hand-me-downs."

If you run into any Sagittarian chicks the likes of Abbe Lane ("chickee, chickee, boom, chick") or explosive Jane Fonda, grab them fast and furiously and head for the hells.

You guys are generally loyal, trustworthy and warm-hearted, so your sphere of influence during December could include some vestal Virgo Virgins and possibly some pixie, pussy-fired-up Pisces. You will have to feed these both your *honest-to-rod* come-on, make it sound like fun and games, feed them a few drinks and then show them the "snow room."

They will buy the "hole" works if you don't over-bite. Come on easy and warm, and sell them on the fact that this is your big, beautiful Christmas present to them for 1975.

Man, you are going to be the happiest damned Santa Claus ever born! Don't fuck-get it.

CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

The worm has turned! Bottoms up and all those kind of goodies exposed to your cautious eye. Yes, the Capricorn charts are beginning to come up "hosin" again and this means you will be spending (if you take advantage) a lot of time in the sack with a crack or two. Don't be shy! If a gal even stops you on the street and says "Hey, I'll do it in your car for a buck!" play grab-ass as quick as you can. This is a good time to add to your bank account also. The holidays should be filled with Capricornian fun and games, but be absolutely certain you do not turn down an opportunity. Later, you might be sorry and wish you could turn back the clock or cock. Twat's the difference?

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

Crazy Aquarian season is here again. You may not know it, but you guys are the ones who invented the dildo, and fifty thousand of them will be given as Christmas presents to some joyous gals come December 25th. Of course, this is an Aquarian "do-it-yourself" month, so if you don't give a dildo, give them "the very best" and wrap a ribbon around it! As far as money goes this month, feel free to spend it when the time arises, because you will be seeing new money matters in January that may excite the hell out of you. Stay away from Libra dolls; they will drive you up the wall.

PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

Passion and pussy continue to look up for you playful Pisces, and you must use that great intuitive nature to gain the most while it is available. This is partytime, USA, and you will be receiving a great number of invitations that mean "come and have a ball—and bring yours!" No sense knocking those beautiful knockers or passing up the pussy when they are crying for your milk. Money matters aren't that good, so best keep yourself buried in babes and not be a boob when somebody asks you for greenbacks. You know you're a born sucker, and the Christmas season is a time to use your lips instead of your bank account.

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You sentimental Rams always freak out during Christmas season, and this could be one of your better freaks. If she is a labyrinth Leo (with large dusty holes) you best get your duster into action and lubricate all of those hungry openings. Money is coming. Honey is coming. But you could get yourself into a helluva lot of trouble if you don't play this as it lays, or lay it as it plays. Don't hesitate with any sort of opportunity or you could be very sad, sorry and shit-out-of-luck. The single trouble with Aries now is trying to decide where to put it. The best advice is put the bucks in the bank and the rod in the bod!

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

The Bull-shit season continues and a lot of your good vibes are going to have to be studied and analysed with a strict, studious Virgo. They like it up the old A-hole whether they are willing to admit it or not (just shove it in, they'll like it!). Funds are hard to come by this month also. If you are thinking about changing jobs, be careful you don't get screwed in the pay department. This is a very strange time for Taureans and must be accepted cautiously, especially regarding money. Don't lend, borrow or beg unless this involves a lovely piece of ass—then ass-kiss yourself to death.

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Times are tough, like the proverbial prostitute's titties, but for you Gem guys, your charts look as soft as a tender twat and a nymph's nipple as December dawns for 1975. The only thing you are going to

have to do is get off the pot before the goodies are long gone. You do have a problem making up your mind quite often, and during the Christmas season this will be compounded by relations, red-necks and rude redheads. If you run into a gal with a flame-colored pussy and her birthday is in December, accept this advice: shove a bottle of Cold Duck up her angry hole and sing "Santa is Coming" while you share the wealth. Then warble "Happy Birthday," as you provide her with your Gemini Gem.

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

No doubt about the fact, you Cancerians are in an up-tight situation as December begins. In fact if she is a virgin Aries, it will be a lot more up-tight than you can imagine. Bucks and clucks are your problem at the moment, and both are ass-hole tight getting, coming and going all the way around. Holidays are usually not the best for you, but the Cancer charts for December, 1975 are worse than ever. Your mother complex, hard times at the money market and fewer hard-ons are enough to sour your swizzle stick. Add to this, complications with friends and fiends, and you're better off not going to the office party. Stay out of trouble. It could be serious.

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

Leaping Leos, Lapman! Oh, yes, this is the season when you really turn them all on. Gifts, gestures, gobbling (longest tongue in town), talking and tantalizing. If Santa Claus really lives, he is a Leo. Happy-go-lucky, industrious, kissy-kissy, top man on the totem-pole and first with the new gal on the block. Your charts are up and so is the old convincer. Leos claim "it" never fails. Now is a good time to test "it" and your chances of making a few more bucks. Money matters are exceptionally good now, and if you work in a seasonal occupation, take full advantage of the big dough and hot does!

VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

Virgo velocity begins to sag a bit this month after a five-month, all-time high. If you haven't balled that chick you've been eyeing for the past year, if you haven't picked up that deal you know damned well was yours from the beginning—it's tough shit! Your fantastic magnetism is running out of juice and it may not be this great for years to come. Any of your fondest hopes or wildest fantasies must be culminated before Christmas, because the steam runs out and the charts run dry. Make that an early Christmas present and she'll thank, spank and crank you. All the way!

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

Signs of the time: *Passionate Pisces*. Hang this one over your gonads, because you Librans love to screw and these ladies screw to be loved. No other way. Ask Elizabeth Taylor. She is a particular Pisces with a passion. Christmas is your time to meet, meat and eat all the way. You are both fiercely sensitive people and should find this a wonderfully joyous time to spread your wings, legs, mouths and just live it up. If you are married to a Pisces you know what we mean. If not, find one of these cuddly fishies and spend the holidays with her—you may wind up spelling that *holey-days*. Money this month? You couldn't care less, but accept it anyway.

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

The Capricorn girl is *hard* in your holiday charts. She is the most all-around female you can find right now. She plays, lays, does just about anything you want, including being unbelievably sweet at the same time. Little Orphan Annie, Raquel Welch and the whorehouse momma all rolled into one. You Scorpios are having ups and downs as usual, but right now holiday bullshit is particularly aggravating and getting in your way. Try to ignore the assholes who are bugging you and move ahead financially by expanding your hopes and dreams. If there is a hopeful cream along the way, end-Joy!



ARIES
March 21-April 20
FEARLESS



TAURUS
April 21-May 20
CREATIVE



GEMINI
May 21-June 20
SUPERIOR



CANCER
June 21-July 20
VERSATILE



LEO
July 21-Aug. 21
FRIENDLY



VIRGO
Aug. 22-Sept. 22
INGENIOUS

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<input type="checkbox"/>	PISCES
<input type="checkbox"/>	Feb. 19-March 20

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LIBRA
Sept. 23-Oct. 22
PROFESSIONAL



SCORPIO
Oct. 23-Nov. 22
DEFINITIVE



SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23-Dec. 21
ACTIVE



CAPRICORN
Dec. 22-Jan. 19
AWARE



AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb. 18
HUMANITARIAN



PISCES
Feb. 19-March 20
PROVIDER

HUSTLER PROFILE LARRY ROSENSTEIN

continued from page 110

On close questioning, Rosenstein admits that the "porno groupies" actually didn't start to turn up until an article in the *San Francisco Ball* coined the term. "A week after the issue appeared, our offices were suddenly besieged with chicks whose main ambition in life was suddenly to be a porno groupie. It was a real case of fantasy becoming reality."

Despite being constantly surrounded by beautiful sluts, Rosenstein always has a main woman to accompany him when he is entertaining out-of-town celebrities. At the moment, Amber Hunt is Rosenstein's main woman, and she is so wonderful that she opened her legs to pose for HUSTLER'S November centerfold.

This was Amber's first nude modeling job, but she liked the work so much that she looked around for more, and was quickly signed to a feature role in the new big-budget sex flick *Cry for Cindy*.

Women are one reality in Rosenstein's life, and, believe it or not, astrology is another. Several years back, Larry met Arnie Lein, who had a system Larry labeled "astro-numerology," because it combined astrology and numerology. It proved to be so accurate that he now uses it to guide both his business and his personal life. He won't hire anyone unless he is compatible with him astrologically, nor will he go out with a chick until he's checked out her chart (and her cunt).

"For me, it has proven to be tremendously accurate." Larry says, "I've called off trips with beautiful girls because I thought I might possibly be killed. I've delayed business deals until the cards said the time was right."

Despite being surrounded by women and sex seven days a week, and his own personal quirks such as his reliance on astrology, Rosenstein considers himself to be basically the same idealistic person he was when he left Brooklyn. "After being in this business, however, I have changed to the extent that I'm no longer as inhibited as I once was." Which is an understatement.

As a case in point, Rosenstein cites some of the weird practices people write about to *Fetish Times*, things he didn't even know existed before starting the paper. For awhile he had a woman come around once a week

FOR A WHILE HE HAD A WOMAN COME AROUND ONCE A WEEK TO ADMINISTER ENEMAS AND HE HAS EXPERIMENTED WITH SOME OTHER FETISHES.

to administer enemas and he has experimented with some other fetishes. He feels that he is more adventurous than he once was. "It's very difficult to be surrounded by sex and keep your feet on the ground about it. You do become slightly jaded or perverted—whatever the word might be. You do take certain things for granted."

But regardless of how much sex he gets, it never becomes boring. As he is fond of saying, "Sex is not always great, but it's always good."

Pornography obviously has a past—in Rosenstein's case, ten successful years. Yet a constant refrain he and others in the business have heard repeated again and

again is that pornography is on the way out, that people in the business should make as much money as they can as quickly as they can, because they will shortly have to look for something else to do.

Rosenstein disagrees with that viewpoint. "I think pornography is here to stay, because there is an obvious need for it. Pornography, erotica, call it what you will—people like to look at naked bodies, they like looking at dirty pictures."

Rosenstein's company is unique for many things, but one interesting point that can be made about Jaundice Press is that it has never had a brush with the law. Rosenstein attributes this to attitude rather than paying lawyers a lot of money. Philosophically, he differs from people like Al Goldstein by maintaining a low profile. He stays out of trouble by not being offensive to individuals or officials. "We don't have a shitlist like Screw. I'm not a pioneer and I'm not publicity hungry like Goldstein. I don't attack the establishment in the insane way that a person with the taxi-cab mentality of an Al Goldstein does. We try not to defame. We do try to treat everything tongue-in-cheek. I like to say that Ball is a four-letter word; Sex is a three-letter word; both are synonymous with another three-letter word: Fun. Humor is defensible, and everything we try to do is humorous, informative or a combination of the two!"



"I can't get my shit together."

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Rosenstein sees pornography spreading to the legitimate areas of entertainment. "When I was a kid, petting was a big deal—in the back of a '52 Chevy. We used to dream and fantasize about going to Paris just to see a movie with a naked chick in it. Now a movie can't make it unless it's got an R rating. Only when there is nothing left to the imagination will pornography die. As long as there's an ear lobe covered, there will be someone who wants a picture of it uncovered."

Regardless of how carefully he walks the tightrope of legality in his own publications, Rosenstein sees an overriding need for legal reform in the whole area of victimless crime, especially the obscenity laws that are used to harass people in his business. To help bring about those needed changes in the law, Rosenstein is involved with an organization in California called the Personal Freedom Alliance. He describes it as an organization of publishers, movie producers, theater owners, and mail order people, all dealing in erotica. "Through PFA we are fighting, lobbying and raising money to support legislators and legislation which will change the archaic laws that now exist. We've got to change the laws first, and that's what PFA is trying to do."

The organization, now active for over two years, has backed some worthy liberal candidates, who have promised to author sane new legislation to replace the ancient laws. The organization aims to become a national force in the fight for legal change. "I think the aim is for PFA to assume a position of leadership in the fight against pro-censorship old ladies, rednecks and bird-brains like the Rev. Sun Hyung Moon, the Korean evangelist who goes around picketing adult bookstores and theaters. In fact, the staff of the *San Francisco Ball* organized a counter-demonstration against Moon and his goon squad last Christmas that received national coverage on TV. We carried signs that said things like 'Eclipse Moon' and 'Keep the X in Xmas.' It's time people rose up and said, 'Hey, man! We like porn, we like sex and we want more of it. So stop throttling us!'"

On that rather serious note we had to end our meeting. There were a dozen models waiting to see Rosenstein for approval before being shot for magazine layouts, and from the look in his eyes it would take him the rest of the day to personally inspect all of the girls.

THE PHILOSOPHER

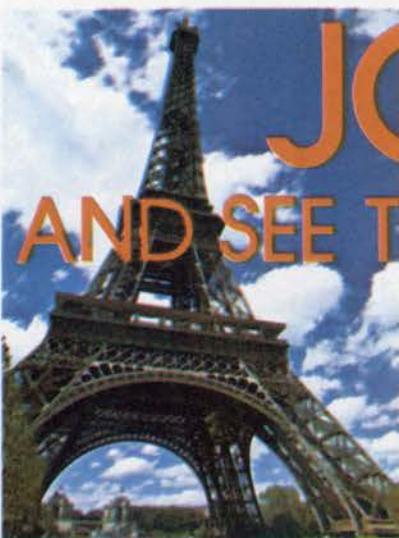
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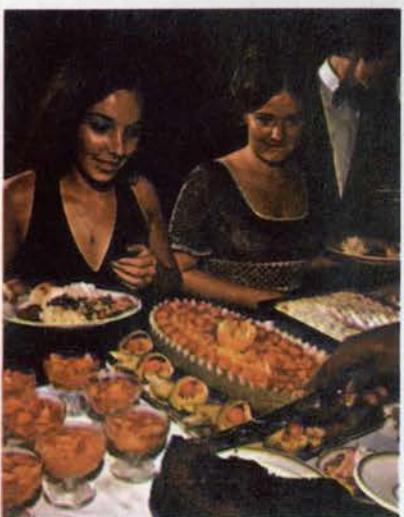
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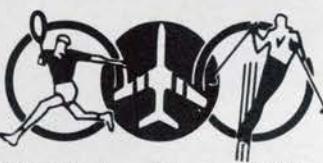
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PREVIEW

JANUARY PREVIEW

CRAIG BAUMGARTEN INTERVIEW — As a former advance man to ex-Mayor John Lindsay, Baumgarten, producer and leading man of *Sometime Sweet Susan*, tells how he brought his political savvy into the porn film industry. Whether in front of the camera or behind the scenes, next month's interview is sure to give you new insight into the people of porn — by Don Anderson.

JACK CIONE PROFILE — No longer is Hawaii a paradise only for men hoping to catch a glimpse of nookie under the swaying grass skirts of Polynesian beauties; night club owner Jack Cione has found that women are equally eager to ogle his famous "Naked Waiters." Read about Cione's adventures with topless shoeshine girls, Sandra and Her Donkey and as "Maitre d' of the Naked Waiters" in an entertaining HUSTLER profile — by Irv Karchmar.

AN UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES — A completely unprejudiced report on the history of "girlie" magazines and the strengths and weaknesses of the best known men's magazines on the newsstands today. Read how HUSTLER and its competitors stack up — by Bruce David.

APHRODISIAC RECIPES FOR SWINGERS — For the man who cooks up his own fun or for a woman who goes thru her man's stomach to his heart, these recipes are sure to get the stomach churning, and that isn't all — by Richard Crownover.

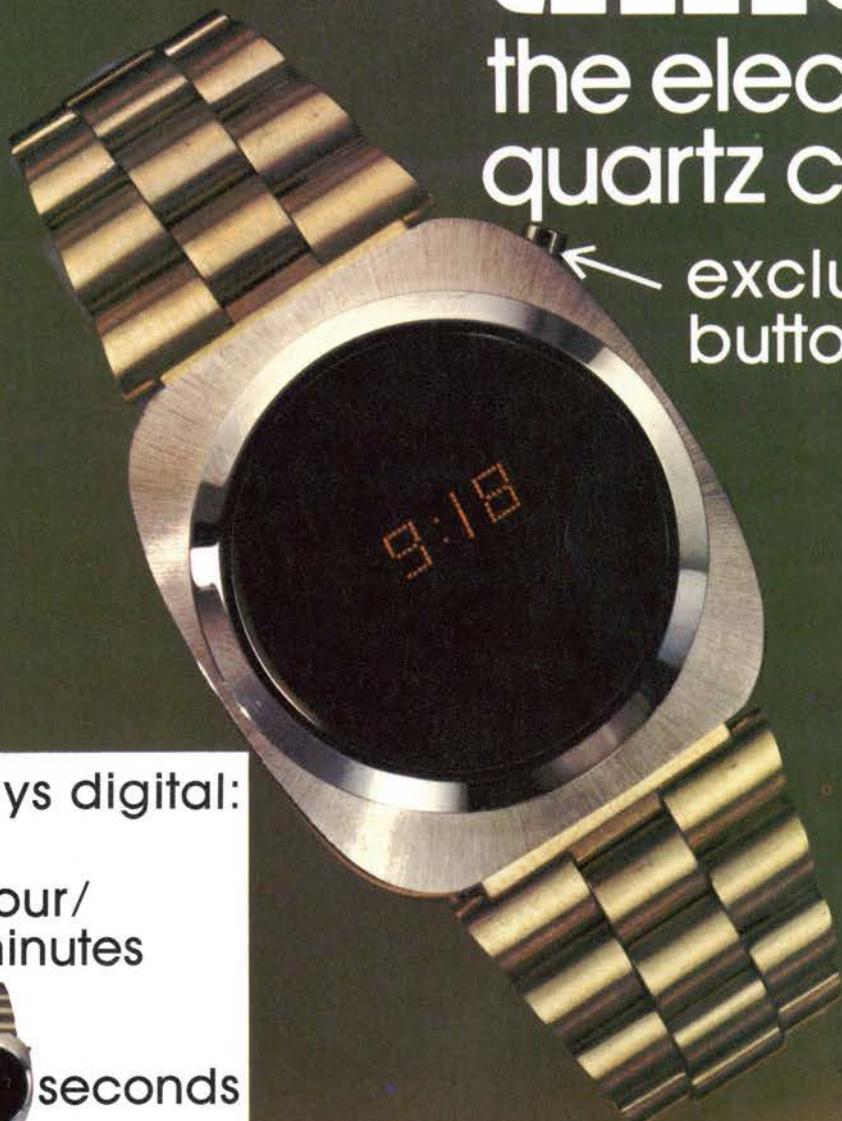
"JINGLE BALLS" — What happens when Mrs. Claus eats more than Santa? All hell breaks loose and the North Pole just ain't the same! Yuletide humor sure to bust your chestnuts — by John Hegenberger.

PLUS — Super, Super issue of girls and fantasy to blow your mind. COUNT DRACULA is alive and well and living in Transylvania and still sucks! Remember yesterday, when you were young? There was nothing like your mother's arms, right? Revisit your childhood fantasy with us in a mother/son pictorial. With Donna, our sea nymph, as a LIFE-SIZE CENTERFOLD we're sure you'll hear the calling of the sea. Also featured are Sherry and Inga to titillate and tantalize. In KINKY KORNER, Incest, the last taboo, is reigning as a favorite pastime, while others are learning how to plan the ultimate orgy in SEX PLAY.

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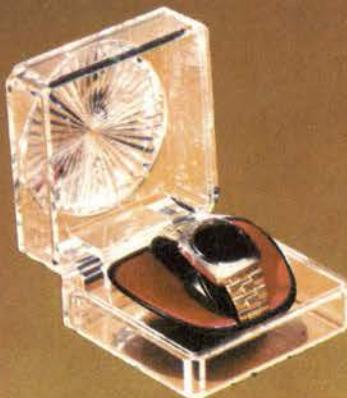
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As you can see by our front cover notice, the reader is more important to HUSTLER than advertising dollars. This is not to say that I will not welcome legitimate advertisers. Such revenue enables me to give my readers even more in terms of the quality editorial and pictorial features that have made HUSTLER the fastest growing men's magazine in the world. HUSTLER is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and effective with this issue I am guaranteeing 1.2 million paid circulation, with an estimated 10 million readers. I'm sure that dollar for dollar you will find HUSTLER the best media buy available.—Larry Flynt, Publisher